

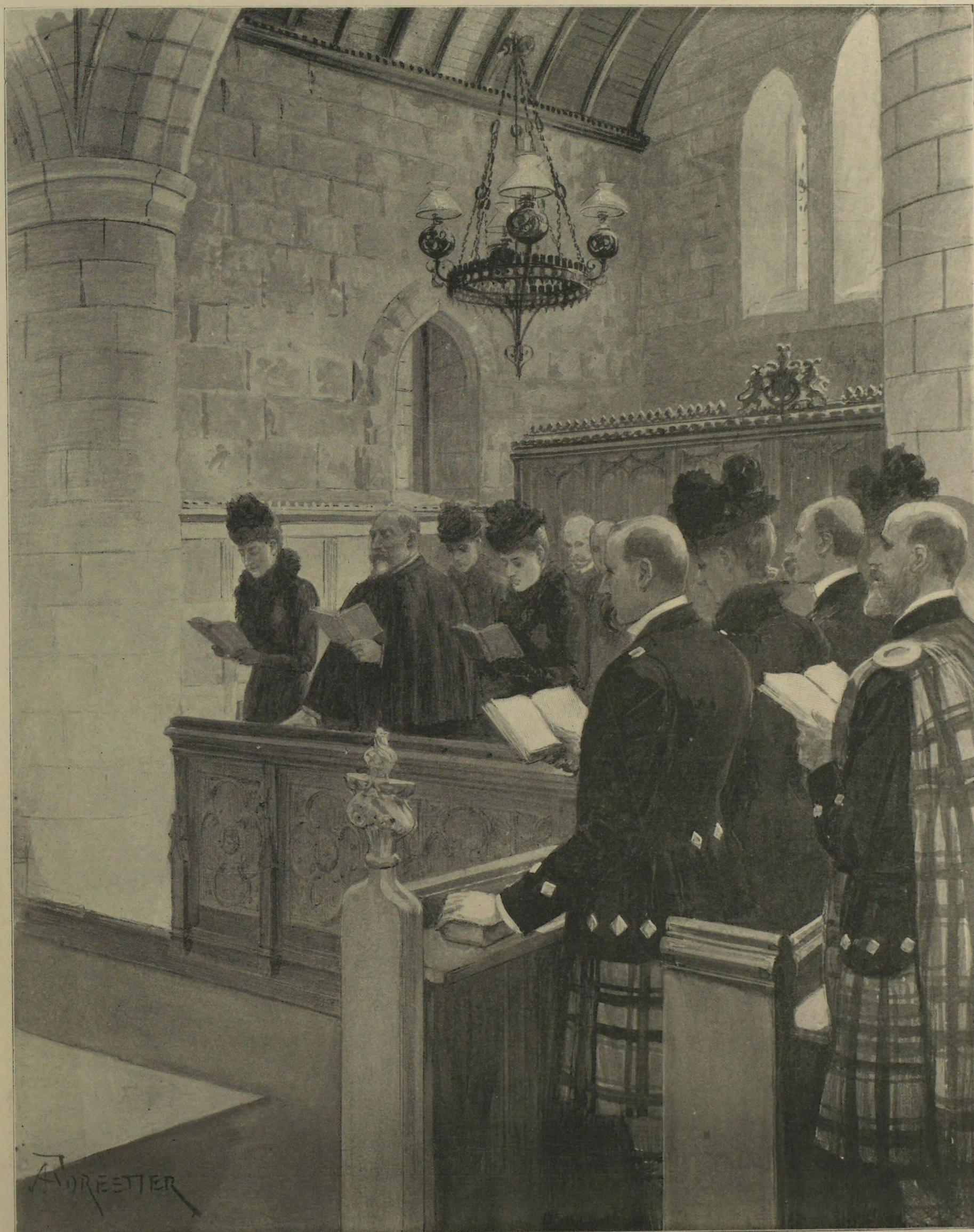
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



KING EDWARD VII. AT BALMORAL: HIS MAJESTY AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA ATTENDING DIVINE SERVICE AT CRATHIE PARISH CHURCH ON THE MORNING OF SUNDAY, OCTOBER 6.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A SKETCH BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT CRATHIE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

A correspondent, who signs himself "Serious Playgoer," writes to me: "Is it not possible to induce the public to moderate its eating and drinking before going to the play? If you have eaten a very large meal, how can you be in the mood for real drama? Nowadays the playwright has to provide, not drama, but an aid to digestion, a kind of dramatic equivalent to the cigarette and liqueur. He may count himself happy if rows of gentlemen in white waistcoats are gently stimulated by a theatrical anecdote, set to music if possible, and enlivened by charming costumes. If his characters have any troubles, these must be comic embarrassments, not the sordid cares that crease even a white waistcoat in actual life. I see the necessity for this entertainment so long as the playgoer has no scruple about his dining. Max Beerbohm, who treats this subject with admirable philosophy, proposes that the theatre shall open in the early morning. Let us take our drama, he says, after breakfast, when the mind has a dewy freshness. Let commerce and its toils be put off until the evening. This, I fear, is a poetic ideal, like asking the moon to shine in the morning and the sun to oblige about nine p.m. It is upon the playgoer's dinner that reformers must concentrate their energies."

I agree; but it is an arduous undertaking. What dinner should we prescribe for the serious playgoer? I have consulted a lady who writes a "cookery column." She looked at me, and said, with a sardonic twitching of the eyebrows, "First catch your hare"; meaning, apparently, that the playgoer would not come to the feast. As I had been reading Mr. Churton Collins on "Popular Quotations" in the *New Liberal Review*, I was able to remark severely, "Pardon me; what Mrs. Glasse actually wrote was, 'First case your hare,' case being a technical term in the kitchen of the period." This caused a slight acerbity in the conversation, for no writing person likes to be corrected (I am furious when I get a rebuking postcard); but at last the lady was good enough to draw up the following menu: A sardine, half-a-dozen oysters, stewed eels, one slice of tongue, fruit à la Tanqueray, and a pint of ginger-ale. "Why so much fish?" I asked doubtfully. "Phosphorus," she said. "Don't you want to make the brains of your playgoer phosphorescent?" Now I had just learned from a medical treatise that the phosphorus of a fish diet is a popular fallacy, and that for the purposes of nourishment one egg is equal to fourteen oysters. This information caused more acerbity. "All right," I said; "but what is fruit à la Tanqueray?" "And you call yourself an authority on the drama!" she exclaimed. "Does not Paula Tanqueray say, 'I like fruit when it is expensive'?" Well, peaches at half-a-crown apiece will reconcile your playgoer to the ginger-ale."

There might be some chance for this menu if our Government were paternal enough to enforce it on the public. The dinner should be served in appointed places under strict inspection, and no playgoer should be admitted to a theatre without a certificate that he had eaten everything from the sardine to the half-crown peach. In a short time his alert mind (I forgot to say that eels were recommended by the cookery oracle on account of their traditional alertness) would demand more intellectual food from the theatre, and the managers, ever alive to public opinion, would combine with the delighted playwrights to meet the novel demand. But without such gentle coercion, what is to be done? Here and there an enthusiast mortifies the flesh. A friend of mine, with a fine nervous system, went to see Mr. Pinero's "Iris," an excellent specimen of the real drama, without any dinner. He was wrought up to such an emotional crisis that he had no stamina for the culminating tragedy, and had to totter out before the end. He is now wondering what sort of a meal should be taken to keep body and soul together for such an ordeal in a fitting proportion—let us say three parts soul to one part body. I should like any vegetarians who have seen "Iris" to tell me how it strikes them. There are strangely conflicting opinions. No two critics agree as to the bearing of a single incident, and a few appear to have missed the whole of the author's intention. Mr. Pinero, I suspect, is an ascetic eater. Perhaps he will oblige us with the illuminating menu! Or was it truly said of him once, "Mr. Pinero does not dine"?

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* announces that a great change has come over the theatrical taste of the French capital. Frivolity has reigned for many years; but now its ascendancy is over, and the public demands analytical plays and the treatment of social problems. But, so far as I have lately observed, the Parisian still eats his two square meals a day. He does not fast, at any rate, before sitting down to a disquieting drama. Apparently it interests him as a representation of human nature, and he does not say, with a comfortable sigh, "Is there not enough sadness in real life? Why should we have it in the theatre?" Our own playgoers do not object to nice tearful woe provided that it be

a manifestly fictitious device, which will be put right in the end. In Lytton's "Money" there is a widower, who is always ready to weep for his "Sainted Maria" until another lady makes him forget the bereavement. We laugh at him; but there is a touch of the "Sainted Maria" in our own attitude towards stage affliction. We do not want it to go very deep; above all, it must not be a penalty for radical faults of character in an otherwise charming person. The moment the dramatist attempts to show us the complexity of motive that governs real affairs, then the playgoer is puzzled, and half resentful. Charming persons may be shown up in the newspapers; you may even bring them to a bad end in a novel; but on the stage they assert their traditional right to be forgiven, and the dramatist who defies the tradition may offend three-fourths of his public.

The *Figaro* relates an amusing story of the lady who is known in Paris as the "celebrated Irish patriot." She was driving with an Irish friend, and they were conversing in the hateful English tongue, when the cabman broke into imprecations upon the fate that compelled him to drive members of our infamous race. At the end of the journey the celebrated patriot handed him a gratuity of five francs, assured him that she was Irish, and that she shared his noble indignation. He was greatly delighted, and cried: "Vive l'Irlande!" I suspect that he knew the celebrated patriot very well, and laid a clever ambush for her feelings. When I was in Paris, no cabman betrayed this animosity against the country of which I was obviously a citizen; and a modest gratuity of fifty centimes was greeted with a beaming smile. At a music-hall, when one of the performers gave a sympathetic imitation of Mr. Kruger, it was received in absolute silence. At a haunt of the students in the Latin Quarter, where the sons and daughters of the people danced together with great harmony and decorum, the intruder from bloodthirsty Albion might have expected some manifestation of horror. But when I produced a cigarette, and found I had no match, instantly a courteous hand proffered a light. Never had I seen Paris in so conciliatory a mood, despite the journalists who prove every day that we have lost three million men in South Africa, and killed only two hundred of the enemy.

I learn from the Archbishop of Canterbury that the country is suffering from defective grammar. This makes the laws unintelligible, and weighs heavily, I suppose, on the spirits of the people. Dr. Temple is a member of the Legislature. Why does he not clear up the obscurities of the Parliamentary draughtsman? Grammar, however, does not seem to be always the handmaid of reason. Dr. William Barry has a correct and even classical style. He employs it to show that Anarchism is the fruit of free thought, and that the only salvation for morality is a universal obedience to the inspiration of the Vatican. Under what inspiration did the chief clerical organ in France affirm that the verdict of the Rennes court-martial was due to the miraculous interposition of the Virgin Mary? In the *Monthly Review* I find one of the most grammatical articles I have ever read; but it is a denunciation of the Jesuits by a fervent Roman Catholic. Evidently grammar does not unravel all the complexities of life.

The problem of inspiration has vexed a multitude of minds, but not the mind of Prince Tchun. That amiable plenipotentiary is said to have left a diary at Potsdam. It was expected to record his emotions when he was waiting at Basle for a settlement of the point whether he should grovel before the Kaiser or hold up his head like a man and a brother. But there was no agitation in the diary. Prince Tchun observed that when it rains inopportunely, such is the will of Heaven; he also noted the beauty of the watches "they make in Switzerland." Dr. Barry should emulate this discretion. It is certainly safer to admire the china at Sèvres than to exhort the world to disarm Anarchism by fleeing to the fold that enshrines the editor of *La Croix*.

Serious Frenchmen are uneasy about the birth-rate in France. M. Zola has written at least two books to show how it can be accelerated. Another grave philosopher proposes periodical "beauty shows," in which the native product may compete with "Scandinavian blondes" and "dark-eyed Andalusian maids." I expect a protest from the party whose motto is "France for the French"; for if Frenchmen should wed any of these foreign beauties, there will be a sad admixture of alien blood in the next generation of patriots. Perhaps this idea has prompted an enterprising showman to offer a prize of £400 to the "loveliest Frenchwoman." I wonder whether Mr. Maurice Hewlett's type of fifteenth-century beauty would capture the hearts of a committee of selection. It is "thinnish," with an oval face, and a long nose. It is "cuddling, snoozing, snuggling"; also a "green-sick slip of delicacy." (See Mr. Hewlett's "New Canterbury Tales.") Nowadays we count not long noses among feminine charms; but Mary Stuart had a long nose, and this kind of nose enjoyed ascendancy over the heart of man until it was cut short by Nell Gwyn.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"TWELFTH NIGHT," RESTAGED AT HER MAJESTY'S.

Mr. Tree's splendid revival of "Twelfth Night" returns to town for a brief reappearance, none the worse for its provincial holiday. Its spectacular beauties, notably those of Mr. Hawes Craven's famous picture of Olivia's Garden, are still untarnished; and happily, save for the inevitable absence of Mr. Taber's poetic Orsino, the cast remains unaltered. Miss Lily Brayton's charmingly girlish Viola, Mr. Courtice Pounds' melodious Clown, Miss Maud Jeffries' stately but uncertain-voiced Olivia, Mr. Norman Forbes' quaint Aguecheek, and Mr. Lionel Brough's superbly comic Sir Toby continue striking features of a good all-round interpretation. Finally, there is Mr. Tree's own rendering of Malvolio, a brilliant piece of humorous portraiture, the fault of which, if there is one, would seem to lie in the steward's being made too much of a grandee, of a Don Quixote, so that his downfall occasions positive pain rather than the requisite laughter.

DICKENS'S "SCROOGE," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Patrons of the Vaudeville Theatre should make a point of seeing its first piece—for here is an adaptation of Dickens's "Christmas Carol," which preserves the broad human sentiment of the original. Moreover, they will discover whence came the idea for "The Message from Mars"—the idea of a miserly egoist, converted by supernatural dream-pictures of his own unimportance and others' miseries. The mechanism of the story may seem childish in the playhouse; but Mr. J. C. Buckstone has done his dramatisation so neatly that the little parable should draw tears from the most stony-hearted. "Scrooge," too, provides some interesting acting: that of Mr. Holbrook Blinn, who makes a very sonorous Marley's Ghost; that of Mr. Seymour Hicks, whose thoughtful impersonation of Scrooge would be truly admirable if the actor could only govern his voice—it is rarely that of an old man—and avoid hysteria.

"A CHINESE HONEYMOON," AT THE STRAND.

There is only one weak point about the new Strand extravaganza—its "lyrics," which often reach the acme of imbecility; otherwise "A Chinese Honeymoon" makes a very merry and bustling entertainment. The piece is mounted picturesquely, its Oriental dresses being especially handsome. It is furnished with music—Mr. Howard Talbot's mainly—that is fluent and tuneful. It is full of riotous fooling, and contains several bright concerted numbers. Above all, its librettist, Mr. Dance, has supplied a good plot, which, however Gilbertian, is ingeniously sustained and consistently amusing. When to these merits can be added the advantage of an excellent cast, which includes three popular comedians in rôles exactly suited to their respective humours, the future success of the Strand Theatre's new programme should not be a moment in doubt. Ere now, Mr. Lionel Rignold has played often enough the inconstant husband, but rarely has the actor displayed such serio-comic agony as in his representation of poor Mr. Pineapple's strange honeymoon experiences. Miss M. A. Victor, again, is quite at home, both as the sorry bridegroom's amorous old housekeeper and as the imperial court's "official mother-in-law"; while Miss Louie Freear's study of the gawky love-lorn cockney "slavey," though burdened with songs reminiscent of a certain "top note," is too exquisitely laughable and natural a thing not to bear repetition. Meantime the sentimental side of the story is well maintained by two agreeable vocalists, Mr. Leslie Stills and pretty Miss Beatrice Edwards; and a new humorist is discovered in the imposing person of Mr. Picton Roxborough, who lends the Celestial Emperor a blandness of voice and manner, an ease of style and deportment, and a quiet, refined sense of fun, as unusual as acceptable.

MUSIC.

The Royal Albert Hall, filled to its utmost capacity, witnessed on Friday, Oct. 4, the first appearance of Mr. Sousa and his long-expected band. At the outset its reception was prejudiced a little by too liberal advertising, but the unconsciously antagonistic attitude awakened by that having once slumbered, a truer and more critical judgment testified to its very high excellence. There is a brilliancy of balance and of precision of attack that is most welcome. The training of the musicians must have been severe and thorough; and the bursts of applause soon showed no mere complimentary Transatlantic spirit, but a real appreciation. Mr. Sousa has singular control over his band, which is more wonderful when one remembers that it is a brass band and not a string orchestra. This control was most marked in the diminutive passages, particularly in a "Rococo" by Meyer Helmund. Encores were freely demanded, especially for Mr. Sousa's own suite, "Three Quotations," which includes the famous "Washington Post." Three encores followed on the ovation it received. The other equally popular performance of Mr. Sousa's own compositions was his march, "Stars and Stripes For Ever." The delicacy of light and shade of which brass is capable was shown when the band accompanied vocal solos.

The Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall are proving exceedingly popular. On Saturday evening, Oct. 5, the novelty of the programme was the first performance of a march taken from "The Last of the Incas," composed by Mr. John Carlowitz Ames. This opera was written in 1898, and was under rehearsal at the Opera House in Cologne, but was relinquished on account of the expenses conditional to mounting it adequately. Added to the full richness of the Queen's Hall orchestra, under Mr. Wood, was the full strength of the organ. The colour-scheme of orchestration is superb, but the themes were hardly adequate. Madame von Stosch delighted the audience by her rendering of Wieniawski's Polonaise in D as a violin solo; Madame Marie Roze made her first appearance at the Queen's Hall with great success. M. I. H.

ART NOTES.

The exhibition season opens fittingly with the work of those most accomplished *plein-airistes*, the photographers, who have now established a claim to rank as artists—with one important note which differentiates them from their brethren of the brush, the scalpel, or the graver. A watchful eye, a skilful hand, and a command of one's instrument are necessary to the manipulator of the camera. With these the production of a work of art can be reckoned upon with a fair degree of certainty. The present year's exhibition of the "Photographic Salon" at the Dudley Gallery goes far to show that the "progressists" were on the right track, and the invitation to foreigners to compete on equal terms has been of manifest advantage to British photography. It is difficult to single out particular works where so many reach a high standard of excellence, but the eye is caught at once by such works as Mr. Craig Annan's portraits of Professor Young, Mr. G. Frampton, and Mr. Holland Day; that of Mr. Burchett by Mr. R. Craigie; of Mr. Ernst Juhl by Mr. F. Hollyer; and by such thoroughly artistic pictures as those of "Lucerne," by Mr. G. Davison; of the "Fishing-Boat," by Dr. Hugo Henneberg; "Le Tréport," by Mr. C. H. Emmanuel; by R. Erckemeyer's "After the Rain" and "A Winter's Afternoon," Mr. Horsley Hinton's "Orchard Blossoms," and Mr. C. Moss's "Bosham."

It is, however, at the Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society (held at the New Gallery) that the expansion of photographic methods is to be sought. The separation of amateurs from professionals is another good rule upon which this society now insists, for it enables visitors of both classes to determine how far they have still to travel before reaching the goal of perfect achievement. To the majority, the grounds upon which the society's medals have been awarded or withheld will be hard to understand, but no doubt will arise with regard to Mr. Percy Lewis's "Street in Chioggia," Mr. Archibald Cochrane's "Quarry Team," or even Mr. James Auld's "Study of a Head," from which all the hard lines have vanished. Students, moreover, can contrast the comparative claims of carbon, platinum, bromide, and gum-printing, but it is obvious that great judgment is required before deciding, inasmuch as the process should vary with the subject. Among those who have not obtained medals, but whose work demands attention, are Mr. Millner Wright, Mr. David Blount, Mr. J. B. Johnston, Mr. John Moffat, Mr. William Rawlings, and Mr. W. Thomas.

Thirty years ago such a title as that of the International Society would have evoked unpleasant memories and harsh words, and, in some cases, hard blows. Now it is applied to the band of sculptors, painters, and graveurs who, grouped under Mr. Whistler's presidency, show us the value of united effort and a common aim. Some might be tempted to say that such an exhibition is the best vindication of Mr. Whistler's talent. His influence is to be seen everywhere in the pictures and their skilful arrangement, in the wall-coverings, which are different in each gallery, and in the velarium, which will, we fear, obscure the capricious light of a London November day. But, above all, we have in the best pictures—especially in those by Scottish and American artists—"Velasquez filtered through Whistler," and making a distinct feature in modern painting. Mr. Whistler may say, "Why bring in Velasquez?" but fortunately, or the reverse, it is the great Spaniard's method which dominates the whole show. Of Mr. Whistler's seven contributions, "The Great Sea," a perfect harmony of green and silver, is the most seductive, although "Phryne the Superb" gives a clearer idea of the artist's powers as a draughtsman. Mr. Whistler, it would seem too, has found in his two "apprentices," Mr. and Miss Addams, not only apt pupils of his methods, but followers gifted with his own temperament, and in the eyes of many it will be difficult to distinguish between the work of the master and the pupils. Mr. Lavery is strongly represented by his portrait of Mrs. Brown-Potter, and less characteristically by the clever group of Mrs. Spottiswoode and child; but it is Mr. William Chase who comes nearest to the high-water mark of Velasquez-imitation in "His First Portrait" and in the group of "Dorothy and her Sister."

In landscapes the collection of works by the late Signor Segantini will possess many attractions for those who followed the career of this artist, who ended his life so dramatically among the glaciers of the Grisons, where he was born and to which he was irresistibly drawn. Mr. Herman Anglada's "Theatre Garden at Night" is a bold and, on the whole, successful attempt to grapple with an almost insoluble problem in painting, of which M. Pissarro's study of the Place du Carrousel on a winter's morning may be taken as the *contre-partie*. For those, however, to whom the more conventional ways commend themselves, there are some charming gem-like studies by Matthew and James Maris, as well as poetic landscapes by Mr. W. Padgett, Mr. Muhrman, and Mr. Reid Murray.

On Friday, Oct. 4, the officers and men of Lord Iveagh's Irish Hospital, which performed such excellent service in South Africa last year, met in Glasnevin Cemetery to pay a last tribute of respect to the memory of two of their deceased comrades. The occasion was the unveiling of a memorial to the late Patrick J. Lawlor and Peter J. Murphy, orderlies of the hospital, who died during the campaign from disease contracted while succouring their sick and wounded fellow-countrymen. The memorial, which takes the form of a Celtic cross on a rock base, was erected by subscription of the officers and men of the hospital, and was formally unveiled by Captain the Hon. Rupert Guinness, C.M.G., representing Lord Iveagh, who was unavoidably prevented from attending.

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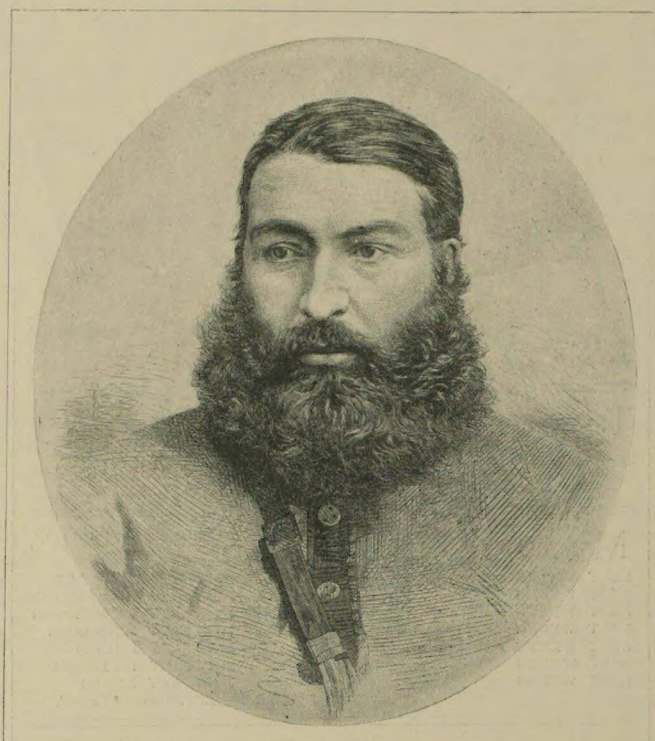
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THE DEATH OF THE AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN.



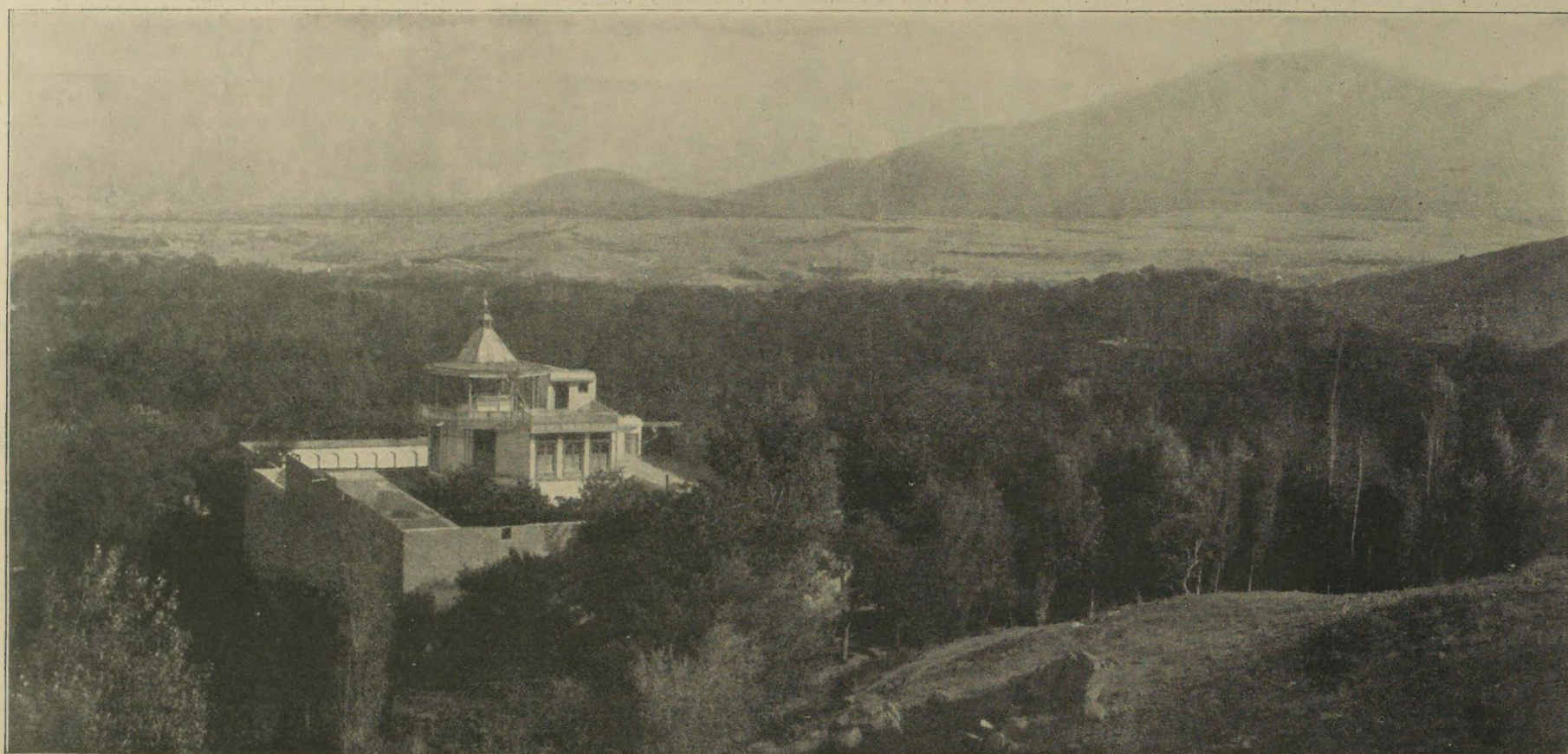
A TROOPER IN THE LATE AMEER'S ARMY.



ABDUR RAHMAN KHAN, AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN.
BORN ABOUT 1830: DIED, OCTOBER 3, 1901.



ONE OF THE LATE AMEER'S HIGHLAND GUARD.



THE LATE AMEER'S HAREM.



THE LATE AMEER.

NOTE.—The portrait group on the right was taken in 1885, during the Ameer's visit to the Viceroy of India, Lord Dufferin, at Rawal Pindi.



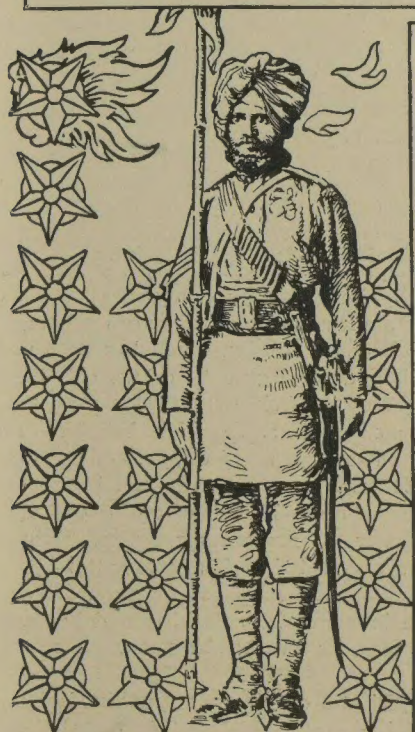
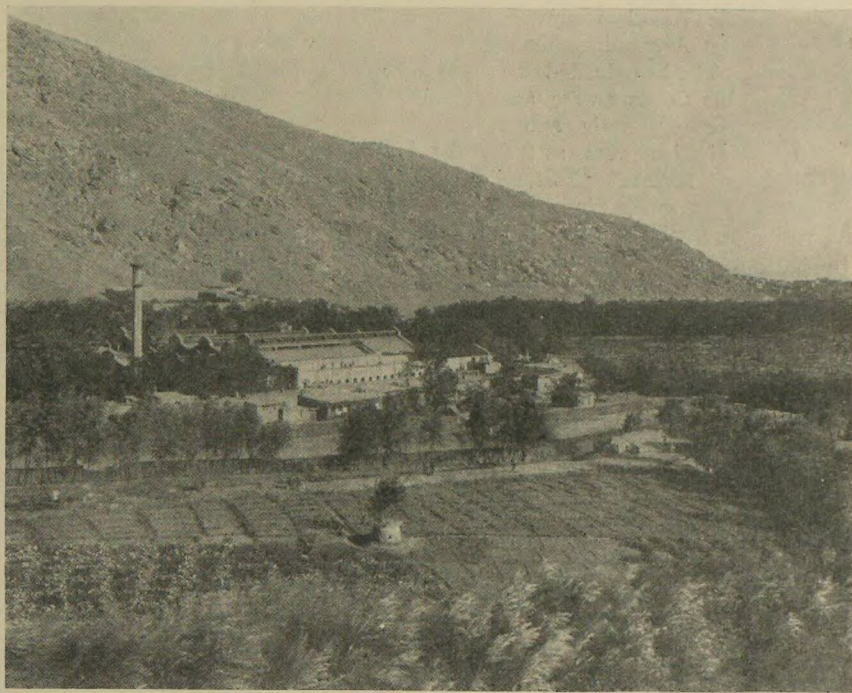
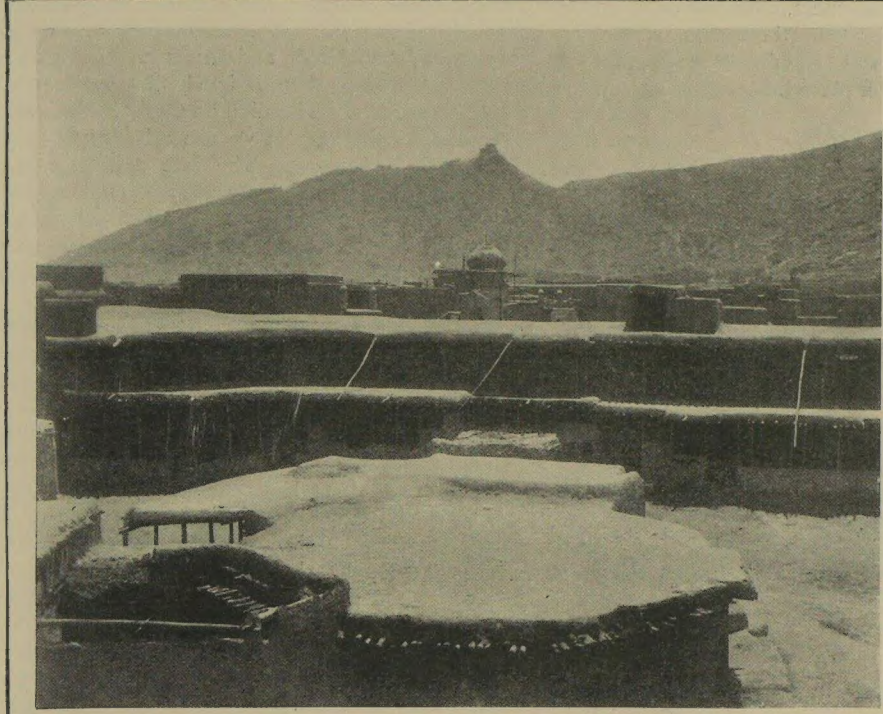
THE LATE AMEER'S FAVOURITE HORSE.

The Ameer was devoted to his horses, and latterly had his stables organised on the best Western lines.

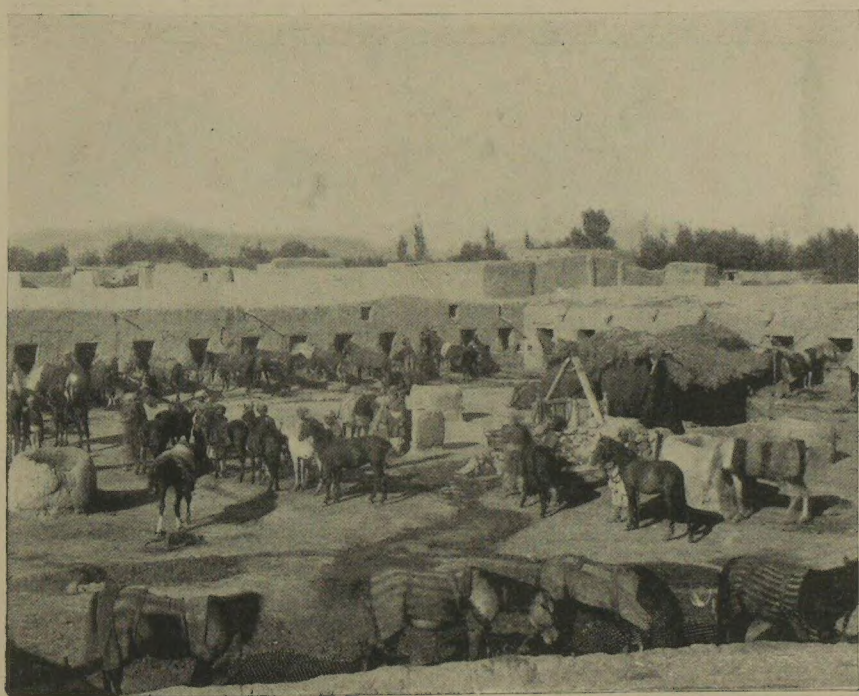
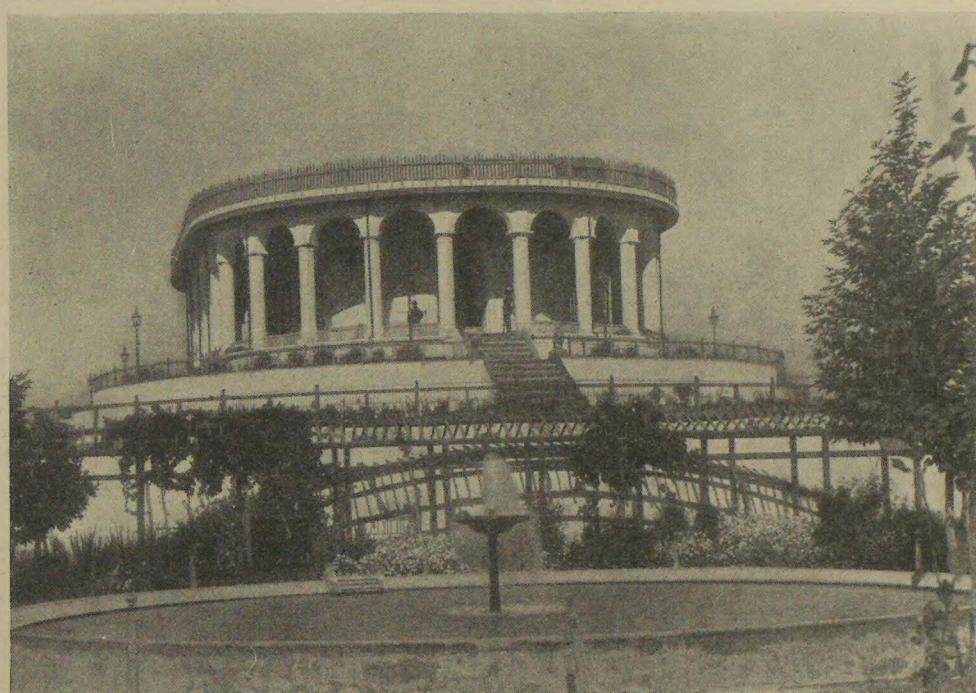


THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, THE LATE AMEER, AND LORD DUFFERIN.

THE DEATH OF THE AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN.



A. HUGH FISHER 1901



THE LATE AMEER'S AMENABILITY TO WESTERN IDEAS: THE WORKSHOPS AT KABUL ARSENAL BEFORE AND AFTER ORGANISATION BY SIR SALTER PYNE.

THE RESIDENCE OF THE HEIR-APPARENT, HABIBULLAH KHAN.

THE LATE AMEER'S AMENABILITY TO WESTERN IDEAS: HIS HIGHNESS'S STABLES BEFORE AND AFTER THE INTRODUCTION OF BRITISH INFLUENCE.
Note the modern horse-cloths with the Ameer's initials.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE KING AT BALMORAL.

It can scarcely be said that King's weather has favoured his Majesty's first sojourn in his Highland home since his accession. Towards the end of last week, King Edward was unfortunately somewhat indisposed with an attack of lumbago, but his recovery was happily rapid, and on Sunday, despite the inclemency of the elements, both his Majesty and Queen Alexandra attended Divine service at Crathie Church. The King looked extremely well, and the Sovereign and his Consort were accompanied to church by Princess Victoria and the Duke of Fife. Their Majesties were attended by Lord James of Hereford, Sir Arthur Ellis, Colonel Davidson, Captain Fortescue, Sir Francis Knollys, Lady Knollys and family, the Hon. Mrs. Hardinge, and the Hon. Miss Charlotte Knollys. The Rev. J. Ramsay Sibbald, the minister of Crathie parish, was the preacher. The King and Queen drove to and from the church in a closed carriage, and on the return journey frequently acknowledged the loyal greetings of the people. Our Special Artist at Crathie records the church-going and also a pleasant wayside incident, when the royal carriage with the King, the Queen, and Prince Edward of Cornwall encountered a flock of sheep at a narrow turn of the road. The horses had to keep very close to the wall until the sheep passed. Meanwhile, the shepherd courteously exchanged salutations with the Sovereign.

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL IN CANADA.

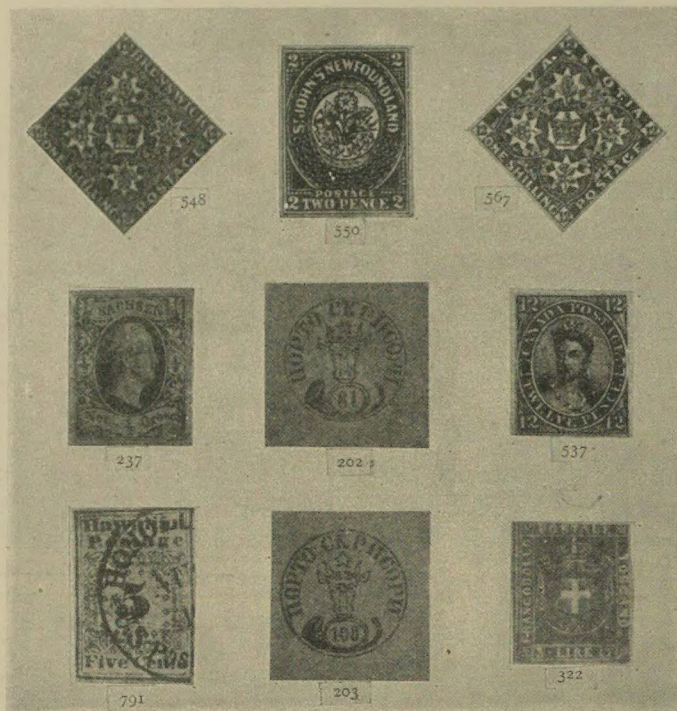
The review before the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York at Quebec on Sept. 17, though sadly marred by rain, proved one of the most interesting of the many functions attended by their Royal Highnesses in the course of their tour, gaining especial attention from the fact that it was held on the Plains of Abraham, the scene of Wolfe's victory. The rain, which had held off until the Duchess had arrived with Lady Minto, began when the Duke came upon the ground with his staff and suite; but despite the unfavourable weather, the force under Major-General O'Grady Haly made an excellent show. In all, some five thousand troops were on parade, including the Canadian Hussars, the Quebec and Montreal Artillery, the Prince of Wales's Fusiliers, the Canadian Highlanders, the Voltigeurs of Quebec, and a detachment of sailors and marines from the men-of-war. On this occasion the Duke presented the Victoria Cross to Lieutenant-Colonel Turner, D.S.O. Their Royal Highnesses' railway tour through Canada began on the following day, their departure by special train taking place at 9.45. Montreal was reached at three, the Duke, the Governor-General, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier were welcomed by the civic and ecclesiastical authorities, and an address was read in French by the Mayor. His Royal Highness then drove to an open space opposite the station in order to distribute South African medals;

experienced an entirely new sensation, embarking on lumber-rafts and rushing down the timber-slides. At the foot, Indians were waiting to convey the party down the St. Lawrence in birch-bark canoes. At Rockville an exhibition of log-rolling was given, and a race took place between Indian war-canoes. The Ottawa festivities closed with a reception in the Senate Chamber. Winnipeg was reached on the 26th; their Royal Highnesses were received by the Lieutenant-Governor and others, and then drove to Government House. The Duke opened the new University during the afternoon. Regina was visited on Sept. 27, and Calgary on the 28th. At the latter place the Duke visited an

cow-catcher of the engine of the royal train on its way to Banff, where the Duchess was to stay at the hotel, while the Duke went on to Manitoba. The Duke rejoined the Duchess at Poplar Point, after his hunting trip, on Oct. 8, and the journey eastward was resumed.

DEATH OF THE AMEER.

The death of the Ameer Abdur Rahman of Afghanistan, reported more than once or twice on previous occasions, is yet again announced, and this time, unfortunately, with truth. He was taken seriously ill towards the end of September, and he died on Oct. 3. So much we learn from Kabul, and we are all anxious to know a good deal more. The late Ameer, who had reached the age of seventy years was famous for his susceptibility to English ideas—in his Cabinet, on his throne (which was an arm-chair), in his arsenal, in his stables, and certainly in his library, where he had recently written his autobiography. He was his own industrious Minister of Foreign Affairs, and his attitude towards England and Russia was expressed in a sentence he himself put upon paper: "The Russians, quite contrary to the English, want to see Afghanistan divided into pieces and very weak, and therefore, while it is to the advantage of the English to keep the rival claimants to the throne under control, it is to the advantage of the Russians to let them fight it out." With these sentiments, he was found by Viceroy to be a very good ally and neighbour; and the natural anxiety now is as to the "continuity of policy" to be expected from his son. The heir-apparent—whose name, Habibullah, signifies "the beloved of God"—is twenty-nine years of age, and has already had some experience of affairs. For four years he has been the head of the Treasury and Exchequer, and has constituted "the Supreme Court of Appeal." He has seven wives, a large number of children, four millions of subjects, and an allowance of £160,000 a year.



CATALOGUE NUMBERS AND PRICES REALISED.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 548. New Brunswick: 1851, 1s., mauve, unused and very fine, but without gum, £36. | 203. Roumania: Moldavia, 1854, 108 paras, blue on pink, unused, with large margins, £50. |
| 237. Saxony: 1851, ½ ngr., black on blue, error, unused and fine, with gum, £44. | 567. Nova Scotia: 1851-1857, 1s., purple, unused and very fine, but without gum, £36. |
| 791. Hawaii: 1851, 5 c., blue, slightly repaired, £50. | 537. Canada: 1851, 12d., black, unused, and with gum, £61. |
| 550. Newfoundland: 1857, 2d., scarlet, unused, with part gum, £45. | 322. Tuscany: 1860, 3 lire, yellow, unused, slightly cut into at top and on right side, £40. |
| 202. Roumania: Moldavia, 1854, 81 paras, blue on blue, unused, and with nearly full gum and large margins, £220. | |

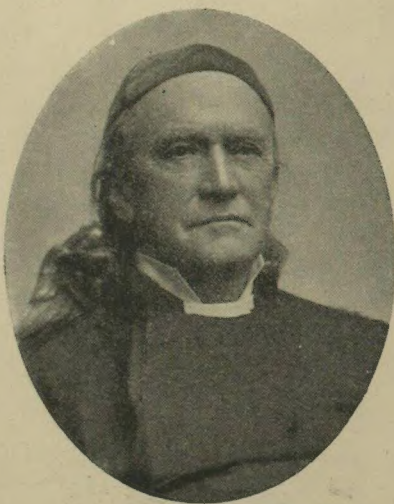
THE RECENT REMARKABLE SALE OF POSTAGE STAMPS AT MESSRS. PUTTICK AND SIMPSON'S: SOME RARE EXAMPLES.

Indian encampment containing the members of the Black-foot Federation, and received a number of chiefs, each of whom made a speech, one loyal, another humorous. On resuming the journey, their Royal Highnesses halted at the Banff, Field, and Glacier Stations, Lady Minto indulging in a ride on a cow-catcher from Glacier to the next station. Vancouver was reached on the 30th, and the Duke and Duchess were saluted by the Pacific Coast Squadron. In the evening they embarked

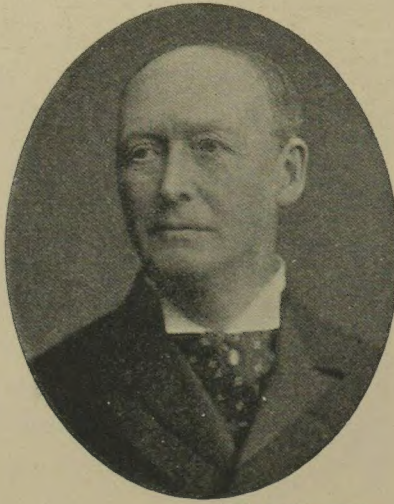
OUR PORTRAITS.

The Earl of Yarborough, as a successful mediator between employers and employed, takes his place on the roll that bears already the names of Cardinal Manning, the late Bishop of Durham, and Lord Rosebery. Grimsby, which has been under the interdict of a lock-out, drawn out to the cruel length of a whole quarter of a year, knows the difference and enjoys the benefit. Lord Yarborough has done many things, and done them well. He is a Chairman of Quarter Sessions, a Vice-Admiral of Lincolnshire, a Master of Foxhounds, and a local Grand Master of Freemasons. Born forty-two years ago, he succeeded his father on attaining his majority, and married the Baroness Conyers. He owns a large acreage in North Lincolnshire, and has a fine collection of pictures at Brocklesby Park.

Dr. Whipple, Bishop of Minnesota, in the Episcopal Church of the United States, died on Oct. 1 at the age of



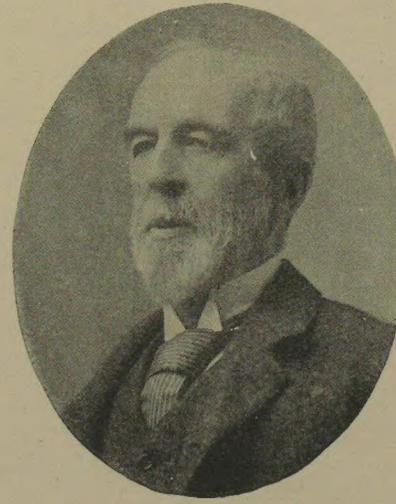
Photo, Russell.
THE LATE DR. H. B. WHIPPLE,
Bishop of Minnesota, "The Apostle to the Indians."



Photo, C. Fry and Son.
MR. LUMLEY SMITH, K.C.,
Who succeeds Commissioner Kerr.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
THE EARL OF YARBOROUGH,
Mediator in the Grimsby Lock-Out.



Photo, Russell.
THE LATE GENERAL SIR JOHN COX,
Crimean Veteran.

and finally to Lord Strathcona's house, where the royal party stayed. Ottawa was reached at noon on the following day, the royal party being greeted by the Governor-General, passing in procession through the city to Parliament House, where an address was presented. Sept. 21 saw the unveiling of a statue of Queen Victoria, another distribution of war medals, and the presentation of the Victoria Cross to Sergeant Hollander. A garden-party was held in the afternoon, illuminations following as a matter of course. On the next day the Duke and Duchess

on the *Empress of India*, resting on board until five the next morning, when a start was made for Victoria, which was reached at eleven. The Duke and Duchess went in procession through the city, starting at Parliament House, and were heartily received. The *Empress of India* arrived at Vancouver on Oct. 3. The Duchess on landing was presented with a hat bearing the crown of the chief of the Tsimpian tribe—a very great honour. The journey across Canada was resumed shortly afterwards. The Duke and Duchess rode on the

eighty. He was a lover of his work and of the open air; and his own appearance—the tall, erect figure with the long straight hair—added to the appropriateness of his title, "the Apostle to the Indians," whose language, moreover, he spoke. Born at Adamson, in Jefferson County, he was the child of humble parents, and had little education beyond that which he gained for himself in the intervals of hard physical labour. His "Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate" describes his later college course, his ordination for

special mission work, and his experiences in Chicago and elsewhere. He was consecrated Bishop of Minnesota in 1859; and twelve years ago had honorary degrees from Oxford and Cambridge, and was invited by Archbishop Benson to preach in Westminster Abbey the opening sermon of the Pan-Anglican Synod.

His Honour Judge Lumley Smith, who has been appointed a Judge of the City of London Court, upon the resignation of Mr. Commissioner Kerr, was formerly a Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple, and in due course took silk and became Recorder of Sandwich, a Justice of the Peace, and Lieutenant for the City of London. After presiding over the Shoreditch and Bow County Courts, he was transferred to Westminster, which he now leaves for the City of London. Judge Lumley Smith married, in 1874, Jessie, daughter of Sir Thomas Gabriel, first and last Baronet, and became a widower five years later.

From Southsea we have news of the death of Lieutenant-General Sir John William Cox, K.C.B. The son

sermon. In the afternoon the business of the Congress was begun by the delivery of the President's inaugural address in the Dome. The Bishop dwelt on the circumstance that the Congress was the first to be held in the new century, and went on to deal with the Church's duty in regard to social questions. He also pointed out the necessity of constant vigilance against the aggressiveness of the Church of Rome. The evening meeting was devoted to a discussion on the Empire with reference to Church work, opened by Lord Brassey. Bishop Barry, Mr. G. A. King, the Bishop of Calcutta (whose paper on India was read by the Bishop of Exeter), and the Bishop of London continued the discussion. Wednesday, the day of hardest work for the Congress, was occupied with a discussion on Authority in the Church of England, opened by an address by the Rev. Dr. Wace, as representing the Moderate Church party, which was followed by Lord Halifax, as representing the ultra-High Church view; and the ensuing debate, which was conducted with great spirit, was followed with keen attention by a large audience, which occasionally indulged in expressions

Stiltons, Mr. Crouch for soft cheeses, and Mr. Barnett for Cheshire. An excellent collection of poultry and pigeons was on exhibition in the galleries.

THE AMERICA CUP.

The first completed race for the America Cup in the contest of 1901, of which our Special Artist's drawing is published in the present Number, was one of the finest trials of skill and speed ever seen off Sandy Hook. At 10.45 on the morning of Sept. 28 the preparatory gun was fired. The warning gun followed ten minutes later, and five minutes after that the starting gun. The yachts, with their biggest jacks, set aloft, bore down upon the starting-line, and just before they were fairly off each vessel broke out her jib topsail. In the manœuvring for positions, Captain Sycamore gained the weather berth, but two minutes after the start had to go about. The course was fifteen miles to windward and return, and during the beat out to the mark-boat *Shamrock* proved herself the faster craft, turning the mark forty-one



THE SHOW OF THE BRITISH DAIRY FARMERS' ASSOCIATION AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL: INCIDENTAL SKETCHES.

of the late Colonel Sir William Cox, of Coolcliffe, County Wexford, he was born in 1821, and after a course at Kilkenny College and the Royal Academy, Gosport, he entered the 13th Light Infantry in 1838, becoming Captain in 1847, Major in 1856, Colonel in 1865, Major-General in 1869, and Lieutenant-General in 1882. These promotions marked services both long and active. He had part in many of the engagements in Afghanistan in 1840, 1841, 1842. In the Crimea, he was present at the siege and fall of Sebastopol; and, later, had a busy time in command of the left wing of the 13th Light Infantry on the southern borders of Oude. Sir John, who had his K.C.B. in 1896, occupied the chair at the last dinner to Crimean veterans held in Portsmouth.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

The Church Congress was opened at Brighton on Oct. 1. In the morning the President, the Bishop of Chichester, and other members of the Congress were received at the Pavilion by the Mayor of Brighton. A procession was then formed, headed by a choir bearing the Congress banner, and the members, accompanied by the civic dignitaries of Brighton and the neighbouring towns, proceeded to the Church of St. Peter, where the Bishop of Calcutta preached the opening

of disapproval. On Thursday, Oct. 3, the Congress discussed the Reformation Settlement and the work of the Church of England in the Army. Dr. Edgehill, the Chaplain-General, spoke in high praise of the British soldier in South Africa, and was followed by Miss Violet Brooke Hunt. On Saturday, Oct. 5, the closing meeting in connection with the Congress was held at Chichester Cathedral. The proceedings from start to finish went without a hitch, thanks to the excellent arrangements of the committee under the Rev. E. H. Nash, the secretary.

DAIRY SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.

The twenty-sixth annual show of the British Dairy Farmers' Association was opened at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on Oct. 8. The finest strains of cattle in the world were on show, and the exhibition is perhaps the best the Association has had. Lord Rothschild took first prizes with a shorthorn cow and heifer, and with a red-polled cow and heifer, while Lady Rothschild was equally successful with a Jersey heifer. Mr. J. F. Spencer won first prizes for a shorthorn cow, a cross-bred blue roan cow, and a shorthorn heifer. The first prizes in the cheese department were taken by Mr. George Green for

seconds ahead. The first half of the race was a remarkable exhibition of seamanship on the part of both Captain Barr of the *Columbia* and Captain Sycamore of the *Shamrock*, but the latter's tactics at the moment of commencing the run home are held by some critics to have probably sacrificed his victory. Instead of squaring away at once and holding on his course, Captain Sycamore, in order to keep *Columbia* from getting to windward of him, luffed. *Columbia* followed suit, and for a time the direction of both yachts was at right angles to their prescribed course. At three o'clock *Columbia* was about a length to the good, a lead which a slightly freshening breeze enabled *Shamrock* to reduce somewhat. *Columbia*, however, drew away again, and the finishing times were as follows—*Columbia*, 3 hours 31 min. 23 sec., and *Shamrock*, 3 hours 31 min. 58 sec. The third race was held on Oct. 1 on a triangular course, a turn to windward, a reach and a run. Light airs prevailed, and the race very soon degenerated into a mere drifting match, and when the boats were about five miles on the second leg of the course, "no race" was signalled from the Committee-boat. The next completed race, sailed on Oct. 3, gave the victory to *Columbia*; and on Oct. 4 that yacht's third consecutive victory, by a margin of seconds, once more secured the Cup for America.

KING EDWARD VII AT BALMORAL.

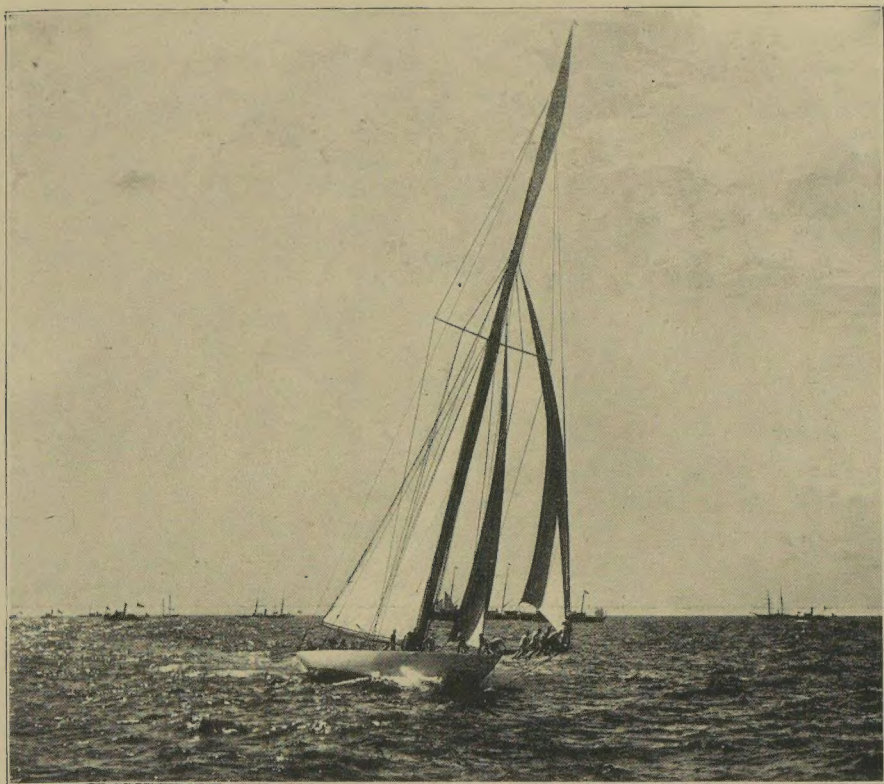
DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT FROM A SKETCH BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT CRATHIE.



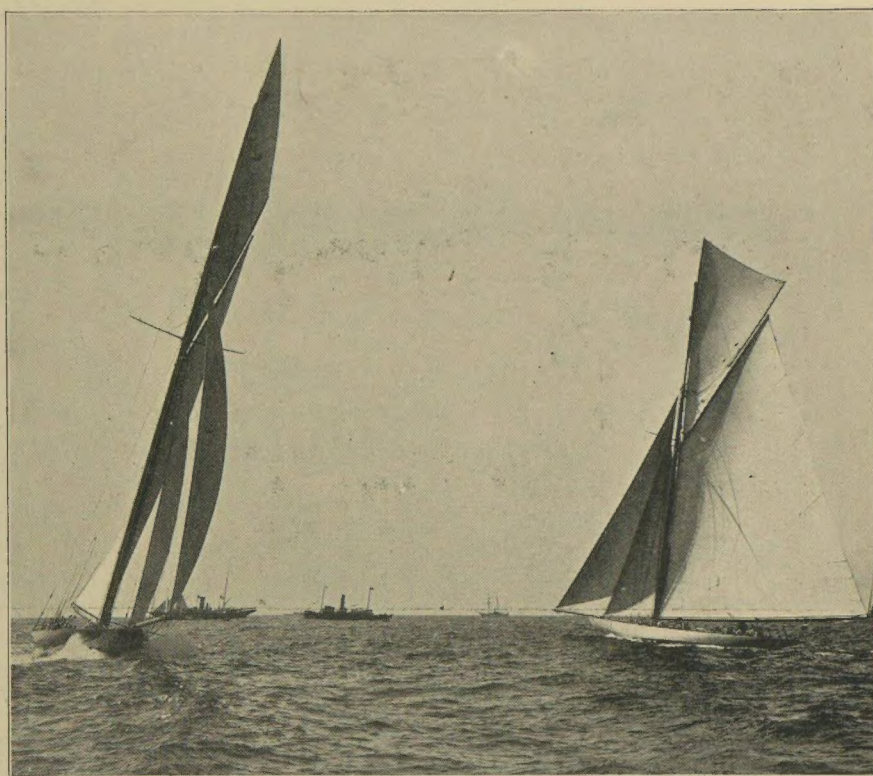
AN OLD SHEPHERD'S GREETING TO THEIR MAJESTIES.

At a narrow turning of the road their Majesties, who were accompanied by H.R.H. Prince Edward of Cornwall and York, met a flock of sheep, and the carriage had to go close to the wall to allow the sheep to pass. The shepherd saluted the royal party, who cordially returned his greeting.

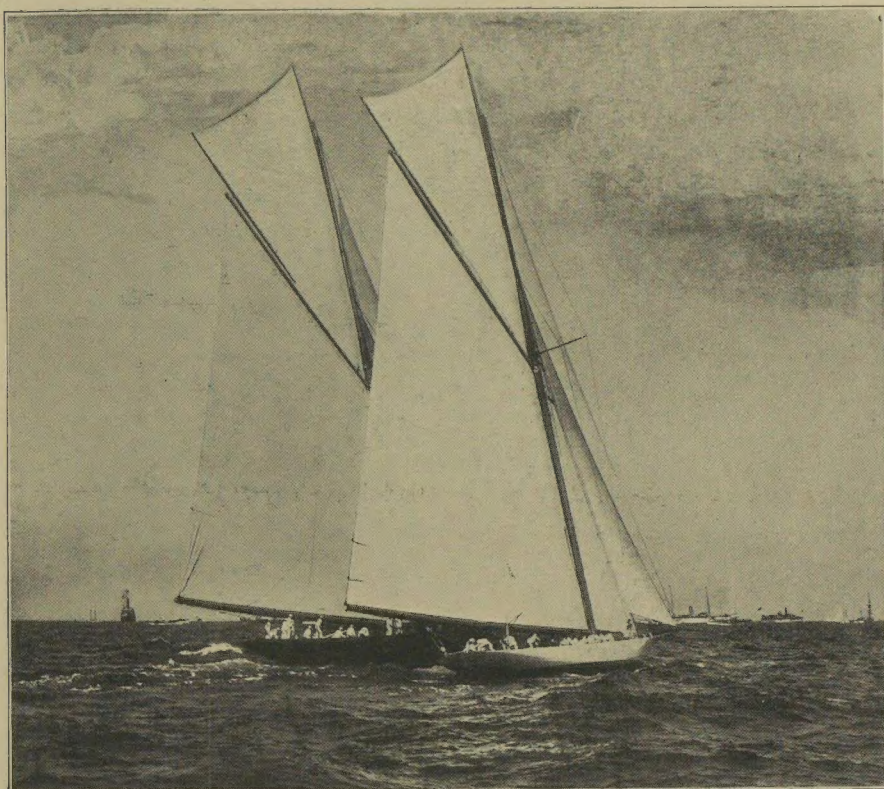
THE CONTEST FOR THE AMERICA CUP: THE FIRST RACE, SEPTEMBER 26.



"COLUMBIA" SETTING HER JIB TOPSAIL BEFORE THE FIFTEEN-MINUTES GUN.



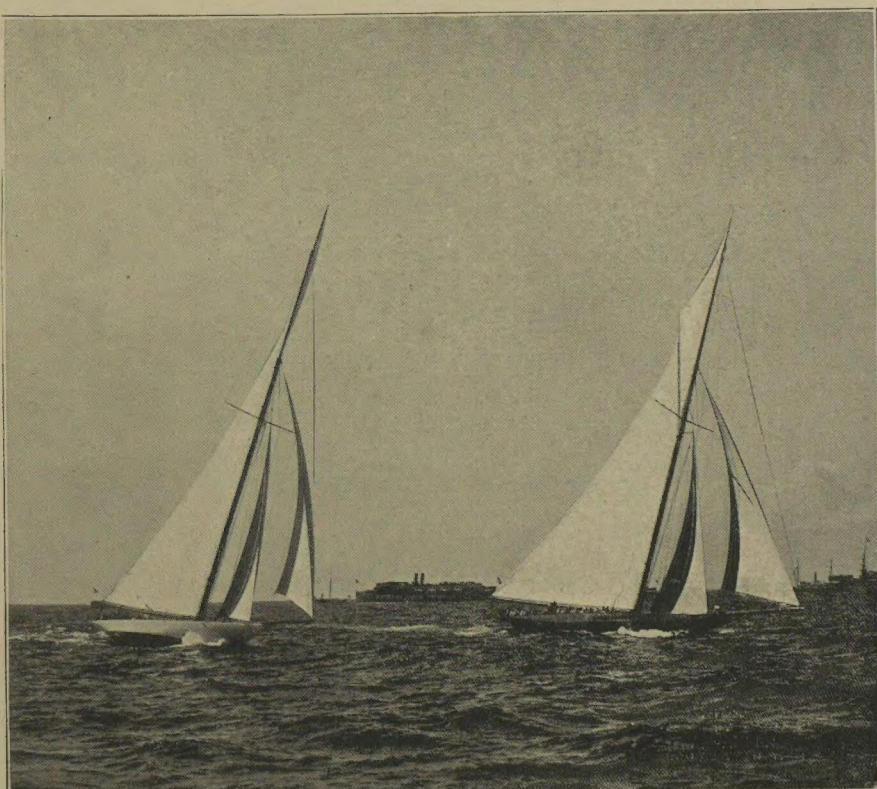
"COLUMBIA" AND "SHAMROCK II." AT THE FIFTEEN-MINUTES GUN.



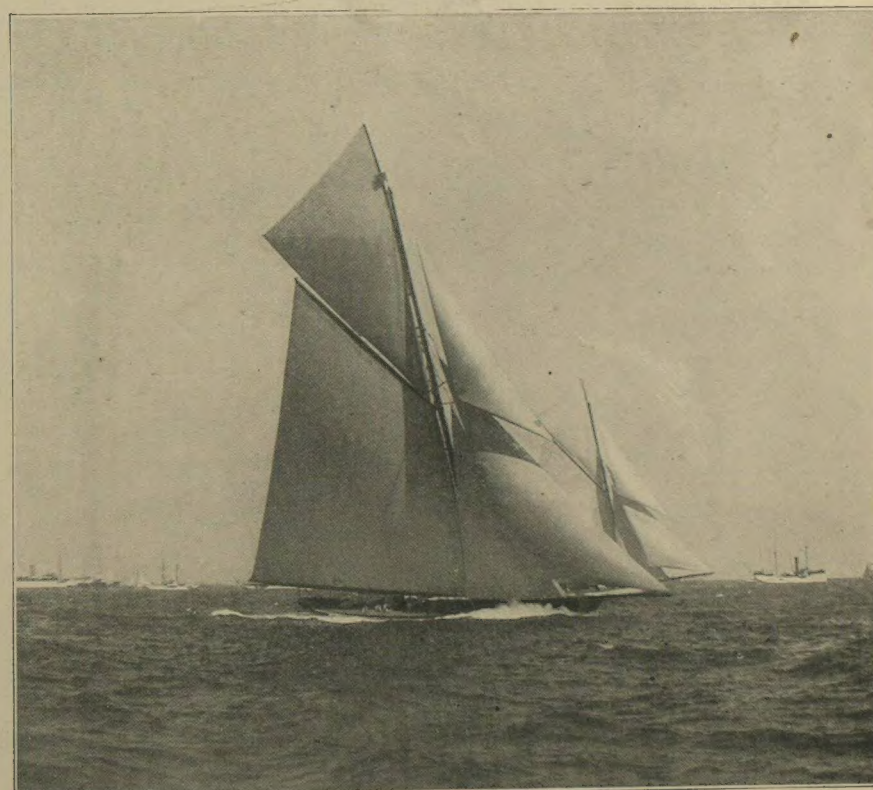
"COLUMBIA" AND "SHAMROCK II." AT THE FIVE-MINUTES GUN.



"COLUMBIA" AND "SHAMROCK II." A FEW MINUTES BEFORE CROSSING THE LINE.

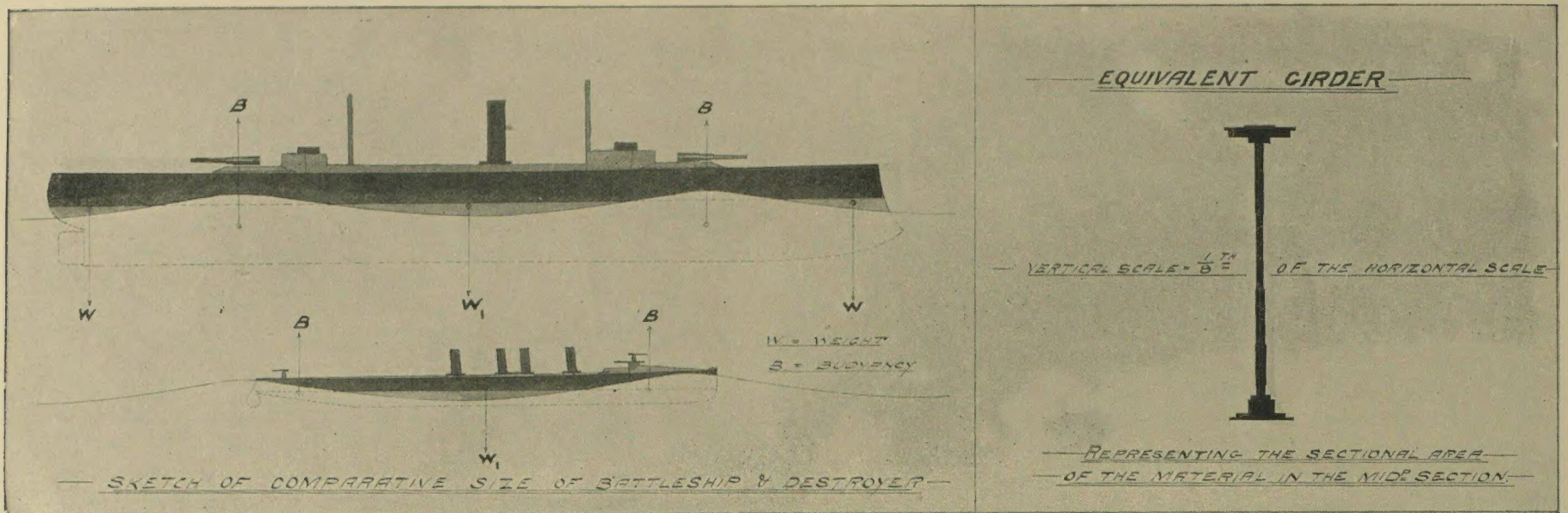


"COLUMBIA" AND "SHAMROCK II." IMMEDIATELY BEFORE CROSSING THE LINE.

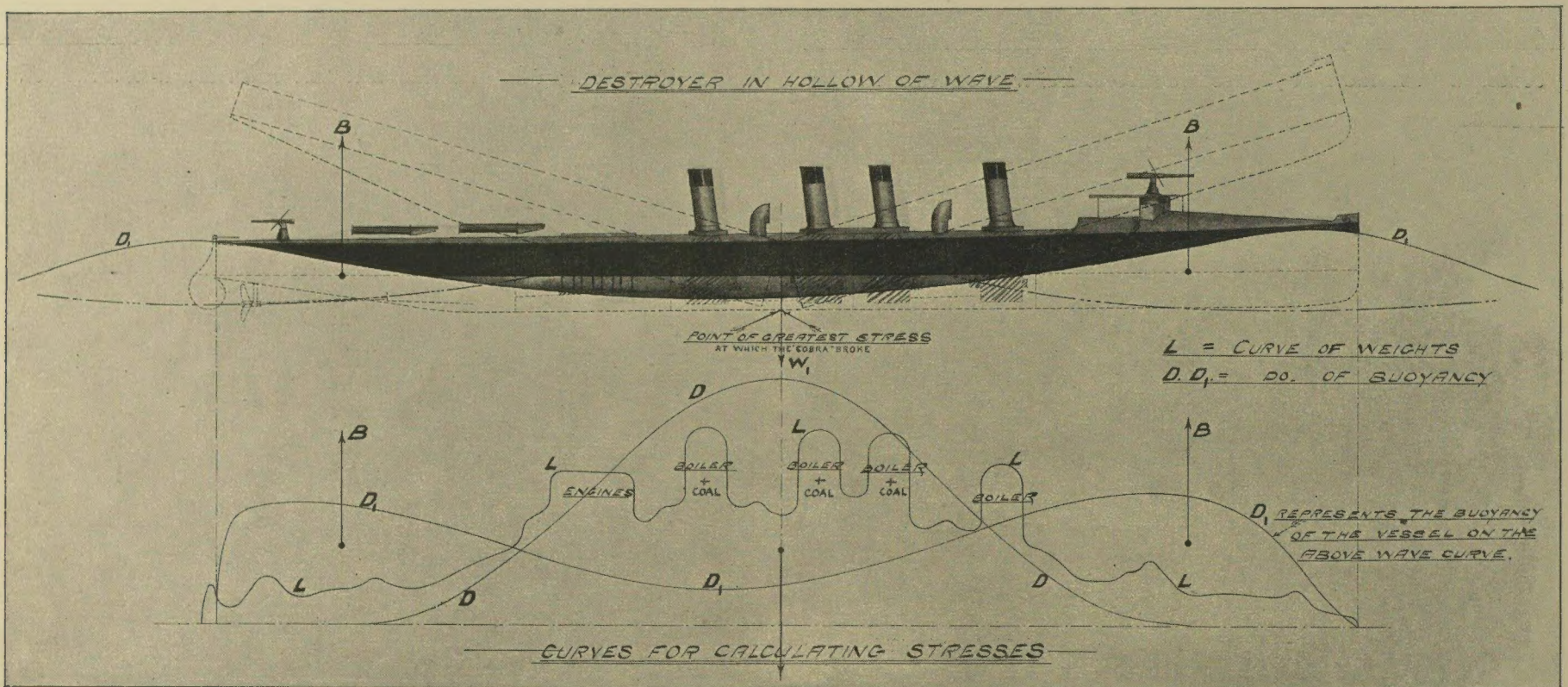


"COLUMBIA" AND "SHAMROCK II." CROSSING THE LINE.

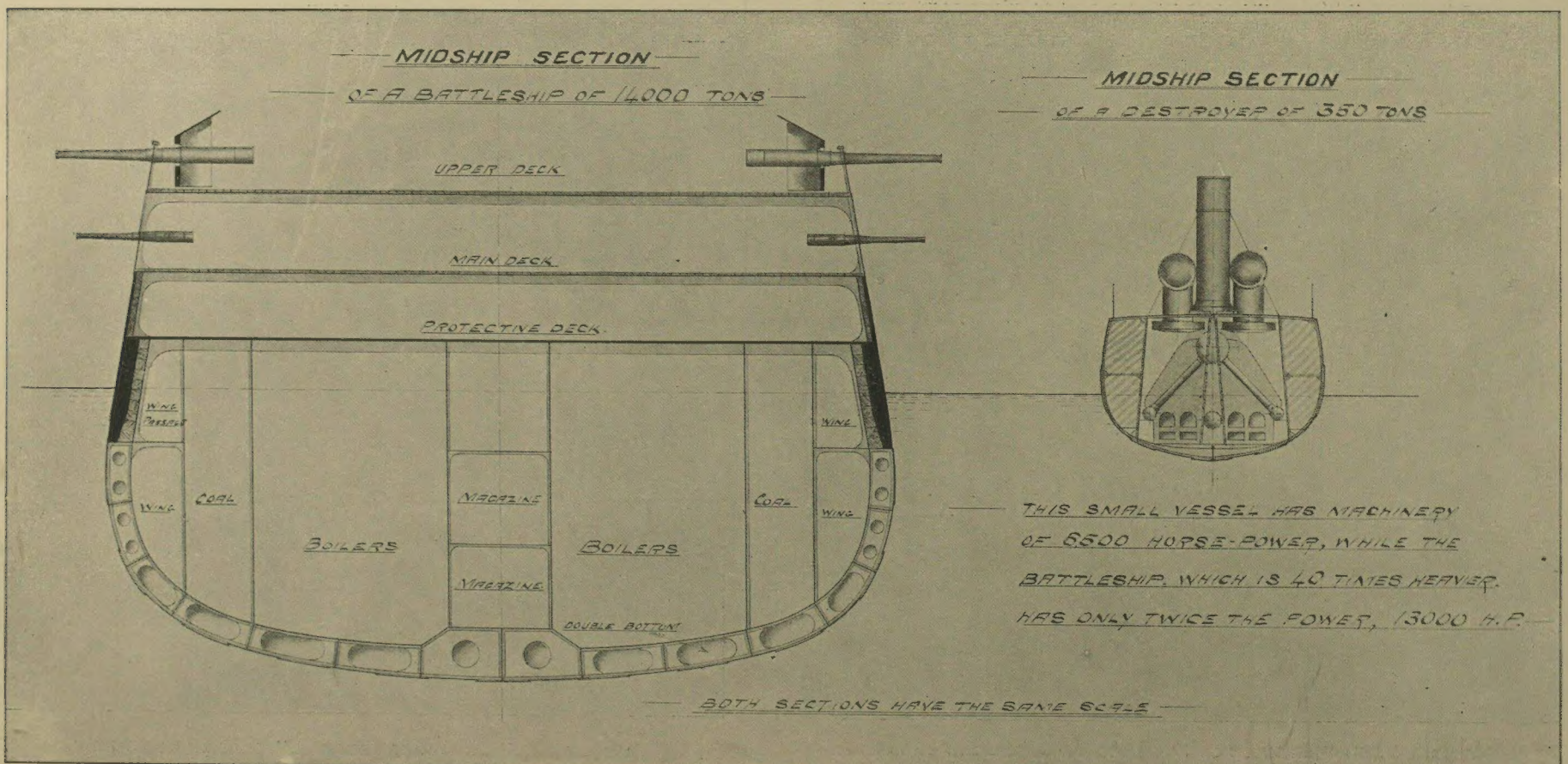
THE PROBLEM OF THE "COBRA" DISASTER: THE WAVE-STRESS ON WAR-VESSELS.



Comparative stresses among waves of a 14,000-ton battleship and a 350-ton destroyer: B B—Centres of greatest buoyancy acting upwards. W W W₁—Weight acting downwards. W₁—Point of greatest strain. The battleship and destroyer are represented among waves of the same length. The loss of buoyancy in the wave-hollow and the excess buoyancy at the wave-crests is a much smaller percentage of the total displacement in the destroyer than in the battleship.



Method of calculating stresses to which a torpedo-boat destroyer is likely to be subjected among waves: Curve D represents displacement of vessel on a wave-crest. Curve D₁ represents displacement of vessel in wave-hollow. Curve L represents graphically the weights of the vessel along her entire length. Where Curve D₁ is above L it represents excess of buoyancy over weight at that place. Where Curve D₁ is below L the space between them represents excess of weight over buoyancy at that place. Where the Curves cross is the point where the local weight of the vessel is just waterborne—i.e., the buoyancy is just equal the weight at that point. From these Curves can be calculated the point and amount of greatest strain. At this point the vessel has the greatest tendency to break. It is indicated by the arrow between the third and fourth funnels, the point at which the "Cobra" actually broke.



Having found the force and its point of application, the builder next proceeds to construct what is termed an equivalent girder, which represents in a simple form the sectional area of the material lending longitudinal strength at the point most liable to break. The stress on this girder should not exceed from 4 to 5 tons per square inch of material, the breaking stress of the steel usually employed in ship-building being from 28 to 32 tons per square inch. The girder in the diagram is equivalent to the amidship section of the destroyer.

A TALE OF TWO NATIONALITIES.

By Mrs. COMYNS CARR.



Illustrated by F. H. Townsend.

THE Marchese delle Mele de' Pradamoli loved and honoured the English—particularly their women; but he mistrusted their climate, and would never have believed a year ago that *any* persuasion on the part of a relative in London would have induced him to face the discomforts and the perils of the English Channel to brave the treacheries of a land of fogs and mists afterwards!

Yet here he was. And lo! he was forced to admit that there was a luxuriance in the varied plantations that graced the Old Manor of Selton not to be found in Mediterranean olive-groves, or even in the shadier glades of his Apennine property.

To look at this quiet, middle-aged man, anybody might well be forgiven for not discerning in him the creature of impulse!

Yet, to give him his due, the Marchese de' Pradamoli, in that which he had resolved, after three months of grave meditation, to do, was a knight-errant of the most romantic description!

It was remarkable—he even found that it was most remarkable—but it was true! For he was no stranger to this English family of the impossible name, and he had undertaken the awe-inspiring journey to this unknown village solely with the purpose of seeing once more one who bore it.

These curious Englishwomen, who can be charming when the hair is grey; interesting when they have no appearance, no manners; valiant when they are so shy and so simple that they make one smile! What more natural than that one should desire to assist them—travelling alone—a prey to the wiles of innkeepers, and with no man to fight for them? And if, in helping, one became interested as much in the mamma as in the daughters, was it remarkable that one should see a chance to do a thing long meditated? No, the Marchese found nothing strange in that which he was about to do, and marched to the breach without misgiving and with a calm mind.

When the butler with solemn ceremony proceeded to open the doors of empty rooms and usher him in, his amazement at English manners was great, certainly! But in the drawing-room, where he was presently left in protracted and peaceful consideration of the mysteries of an English "interior," his satisfaction doubled, and he was more than ever content with his brave resolution.

Yes, he was doing wisely, and, with the astuteness which sits beside sentiment in his race, he asked himself what dower the widowed mistress of such a "home" might be prepared to give a daughter. Truly, as to the result of his quest the Marchese had never had a fear. The daughters were marriageable—some of them very marriageable—and if the mamma did not intend to "marry them," why should she have made advances? For, after the first, they had certainly all made advances.

At the first—and the Marchese smiled to himself, but discreetly, even in his solitude—there had certainly been a little difficulty! And he recalled the mamma's stony stare at him on the little pier, where they stood in their English tailor-made costumes and their English sailor-hats, and their English walking-boots—all with that *chic* of the "serviceable" which only the English understand! And he smiled with serene satisfaction to himself as he recalled how one taller, slenderer, more bewitching than the rest, wore the costume of her race and tilted her dear little sailor-hat with that fascinating *insouciance* which his fashionable countrywomen could never imitate, though they ruined themselves at London tailors'!

No, no; why should this mamma be different from the mammas of other lands in her desire to "marry" her daughters? And he smiled again, but a trifle uneasily as he noted the variously distancing expressions depicted on the three faces of the ladies who now marched, stole, and glided into the room.

He bowed low and waited, ready to stretch out his hand, in English fashion, as he had always done to them. But the three ladies, advancing in a compact group like a flock of frightened sheep, were too much under the influence of surprise to remember their manners.

The mother—a lean little lady with a large mouth, now parted in dismay, now tightly closed in a droll, disgusted

defiance—let a pair of anxious grey eyes that were always alternating in expression between a half-humorous distress and a shy kindness, rest on him for an instant, and turned to her aide-de-camp, a martial young woman wearing a tweed costume, who stood at her elbow.

"I do believe you were right, Mary," whispered she. And then tentatively: "It can never be the Marchese de' Pradamoley?" she said, venturing to look fully at the stranger.

"Predammerly," corrected a faint voice from behind; and a freckled, faded face, enshrined in sparse, reddish hair, peered over the shoulder of the martial figure which its owner was habited to resemble, and most signally failed in doing.

"Nonsense, Sophy," whispered the elder sister authoritatively. "Be quiet!"

They all stood listening.

The Marchese had turned a little pale himself. They were well educated, and he knew it; but their manners were, one must allow it, difficult.

He smiled deprecatingly.

"But certainly," he said humbly, "did these ladies not expect me—not get the letter?"

Then all at once three mouths smiled shyly and three hands went out. But as the Marchese could not take all three at a time, he only bowed again.

"Oh yes, of course we expected you," said the elder

Miss Jones quickly—he recollected that she had always spoken too quickly for his convenience—"but it never occurred to us that the foreign gentleman mentioned in the letter would turn out to be an old acquaintance."

Miss Jones smiled with what she perhaps intended to be a warm welcome, and Miss Sophy behind giggled; he remembered that she had often giggled.

"Messrs. Compton did send us a foreigner once before, if you recollect, my dears," said Mrs. Selton-Jones in an undertone to her daughters, "but we didn't come to terms. I know I wasn't altogether sorry. Some are not over-clean."

Sophy blushed furiously, and Mary said sharply, "Do be careful, mamma!"

"Oh, of course, it would be quite a different thing with an acquaintance," said the mother aloud, smiling sweetly at the stranger. "The Marchese and I have thrashed out several hygienic questions together; haven't we, Marchese? I shall not forget how kindly you took my part in the matter of disinfecting the drains of that horrid little inn!"

The Marchese bowed and laughed deprecatingly. He was vexedly conscious that his English had grown rusty in the three months of disuse, and he was forced to confess to himself that he had not understood one word of what had gone before; certainly the English spoke too fast.

"Now, didn't Hetty say it was the Marchese," put in Sophy, in a sort of ecstatically tentative way, but addressing herself to nobody in particular, "as soon as she read the card?"



"Ladies, it is my grief after long parting, to re-part so short!"

And, of course, we *all* hoped—at least, I hoped—I mean to say, Mary hoped—!”

“Oh, come, what *do* you mean to say?” interrupted Mary sarcastically.

And the foreigner, with quick intuition, guessing at a breach and leaping at it, as he remembered that he used to leap in the days of those excursions *à trois*, said: “Ah, you are all too good! And Mees—your sister? She is recovered?”

“Recovered?” echoed Mary.

“Of course, my dear,” put in Mrs. Jones, “don’t you remember Hetty caught a bad cold waiting for the mail in the rain—though I always thought it was drains and greasy food as well! Why, the Marchese used to send her up the loveliest flowers! If it turned out to *be* you, she wished to be remembered to you! She is very much engaged this morning.”

And the mother smiled—in a sort of sweet, conscious, confidential way, that he knew in her of old, but of which the meaning to-day was hidden from him.

“Ah, she remembers,” echoed he, not sure, but hoping that he had seized the meaning. And he was conscious that he blushed. Things were marching so much faster and more smoothly than he had even hoped.

“Mamma said *she desires to be remembered*,” explained Mary, falling into her old office of pedagogue. “It is an idiom.”

“But she does remember,” said the mother kindly. “You used to fetch her letters from the village so that she might have them earlier, and you little guessed how much *that* pleased her, and what very particular letters they were!”

“Oh, it was nothing,” said he eagerly, shrugging his shoulders. “Mees”—and he nodded at Sophy—“tell me the ill one sigh, and when one is ill one must have what one sighs—to recover.”

“Yes, yes,” nodded the three ladies encouragingly; and while Sophy giggled nervously, Mary said, with a freezing glance at her

“It’s not at all bad.”

He twisted his moustache, struggling for fresh expression, but before he could speak, Mrs. Jones, drawing her chair an inch out of the camp where she sat surrounded by her staff, said kindly: “Well, Marchese, and now tell us what induced you to want a house in England?”

There was a pause. The eyes of all the ladies were fixed upon him, and he felt himself grow cold with nervousness. For this time he had understood! Truly these shy, simple women could have the most remarkable *sangfroid*! He had not expected a refusal, but he had feared some difficulty in “placing” his proposal. And lo! they leapt at his head. But how did she suppose that he was going to tell her right out, there before two “third persons,” why he wanted a home in England? And it was not precisely *that* that he wanted, either! It was just a “*pied-à-terre*” in England, and an English home in Italy!

Oh, for a greater command of the language! He wanted to lead up to what he had to say by a thousand pretty preambles. But he felt that he could not.

And all the time six eyes were upon him, and it would be hard to say *anything* with six eyes upon one.

He was conscious of thinking once more, almost with irritation, that English manners were certainly curious.

“Well, you ‘ave the letter,” he said at last in despair. “I am pleased you ‘ave receive the letter, because so all is said, and for me it only remains to wait your reply.”

“Oh, yes, I certainly have the letter,” said Mrs. Jones, with the air of one who has been snubbed in a courteous advance. “I got it this morning. Well, I *must* say I *have* had an objection to foreigners before—but I would waive it in your case.”

She spoke now with that “pride of race” which it had sometimes almost frightened him to find side by side with so much shyness, and also so much gentle courtesy.

How should he guess that the ladies were looking at him in surprise, and that Mrs. Jones was telling herself that if he wished things to be on a mere business footing, he should have them there?

The Marchese first lifted his eyebrows, but his bow was humble.

“I ‘ave ‘ad tell me,” said he, “that the English not like strangers. I am pleased Madame ‘ave no such a leetle prejudice.”

There was a pause, but as no one spoke, he said slowly, “It joy my ‘eart to comprehend that so I ‘ave your gracious permission to go forward?”

The ladies looked at one another.

The words had been uttered with the intonation of a question, but apparently they had not quite understood what the question was. Mary—evidently the most audacious spirit of the family—said promptly, however, “Oh, certainly!”

The Marchese inclined his head gravely; then sweeping the six eyes swiftly with an obsequious glance, he finally rivetted his own melancholy gaze, with a wistful earnestness impossible to avoid, upon Mrs. Jones’s face, and said insinuatingly, “So it is now best I converse only with the daughter?”

Again the English family sought one another’s faces in perplexity.

Then, with a little nervous laugh, the mother replied, “Well, no; I think it will be better that you and I should talk matters over together. It would not be my habit to give this sort of thing to my daughter to arrange.”

“Oh, but that is well, that is very well,” answered the Marchese with alacrity. “I prefer, many times, to converse with the mamma. Only, I imagined to myself, in England it was not the mode. You forgive?”

Mary tossed her head, and Sophy suppressed a giggle, but mamma nodded her head kindly.

“Yes, of course,” said she. “And really, I prefer that all details should be settled by my agents, Messrs. Compton and Son, of 301, Pall Mall, you know. They are very nice people, and will serve both our interests.”

The Marchese threw up his hands with delight. “But, of course!” cried he, “I also, I prefer! A thousand times, I prefer it!” And with an anxious frown on his anxious brow, he repeated softly to himself, “301, Pèle

Mèle. I did not imagine, you see, it was so the mode with you. With us, always!”—and he waved a right hand emphatically. “Never discussions with the families! Always *everything* to be arranged with the advocates. Yes, even to the *tenue* of the house—on what foot it shall be—’ow many servants, ’ow many dish for dinner, ’ow many carriage-’orses, *everything*! So there is no quarrels—one can enjoy oneself in the families and pretend not to know!”

And again the Marchese waved his hand, and was even guilty of something that was nearly a wink of his handsome left eye.

“*En passant*, only I would remark that my apartment in Milan it is in the best quarter. Small, if you like, but clean. And at the Opera, the box on the good file—oh, yes, all very well!”

“Oh, I don’t think the agents will think it necessary to inquire into that sort of thing,” said Mrs. Jones with a little nervous laugh. “I shall be perfectly content to accept you without any such guarantee, Marchese. All that I want to be sure of is that the house will be kept thoroughly clean. And for that reason, I *should* prefer English maids to be kept.”

“English maids!” echoed the Marchese, aghast.

“Servants, *femmes-de-chambre*,” explained Mary, with keen eyes on this very odd tenant.

The Marchese bent his head to conceal a smile, but raising it again quickly with restored serenity, answered, “For the person; but yes, it goes without saying. But for to—to do clean”—he made the gesture of sweeping—“to take the dust, to make the kitchen”—and he emphatically shook his head—“never? It would not march.”

“I should prefer it,” repeated Mrs. Jones, with gentle obstinacy. “However, as you rightly say, all these small points can easily be settled by the agent. The thing is for you first of all to see over the house.”

The Marchese opened his eyes.

It was certainly an interesting experience of the ways of foreign nations, this making a proposal of marriage to an English mamma; but also curious—ah, yes, very curious!

“I am at your commands,” said he, bowing. “But”—and he bent confidentially to his hostess’s ear—“Mrs. will comprehend that it seems to me a thousand years till I lay my homage at the feet of the lady of my heart.”

The three women, dismayed, rose slowly to their feet. Blank astonishment sat variously upon these variously plain but always, to him, curiously engrossing faces.

What breach of etiquette had he now been guilty of?—and he who thought matters were marching so marvellously, and that he had done so well.

“Perhaps,” said mamma, in her shyest manner, “you would like to look round the family portraits in this room first. We will resume our talk in a few moments.”

Light broke in on his mind. “It is a ruse,” said he to himself reassuringly. “They desire to consider—it is natural.”

“But certainly,” cried he bowing. And he turned his back on them, while they retired into a far window-seat, where he could hear them whispering.

He really wished he had brought a third party. It was inconvenient also for them.

Ah! if he could have overheard and understood the council of war which was taking place between the mother and daughters, would he not have thought it even more inconvenient, both for himself and for them?

“My dears,” Mrs. Jones was saying, the bows on her lace cap positively trembling with perturbation, “there is some terrible misunderstanding. Who is the lady to whom the Marchese keeps referring, and whose feet he has just spoken of?”

There was a pause—blank and perturbed perplexity alone meeting her inquiry.

“How can *we* tell?” said Mary, with splendid dignity; “it can’t be one of *us*, can it, Sophy?”

“Oh, dear,” faltered Sophy, holding up a freckled hand to hide the blushes on a freckled face, “*could* it be one of *us*? It *does* look a little as if he were not alluding to the house.”

“But surely you must *know*, girls, whether it is one of you or not?” said the mother searchingly; “do try and think.”

“He never said a word to *me*,” said Miss Jones, snapping; “I should have had one to say if he had.”

“But there’s such a thing as conveying a meaning by looks,” suggested the dear lady tentatively.

“Oh, mamma, how can you!” murmured Sophy.

“Well, all I can say is, Mary was always there, and *she* would have seen, anyhow.”

“But you can’t mean to say you think the man means marriage, mamma?” asked Mary bluntly. “Absurd!”

“But I do, my dear,” whispered Mrs. Jones impressively, fixing a pair of almost tragic eyes on her two daughters.

“Oh, do let’s take it for granted he doesn’t,” suggested Miss Jones. “Let him see the house, and let things sift themselves.”

“Well, suppose *you* manage it now, my dear?” said Mrs. Jones in the manner deprecating, “for I must say I never had such an uncomfortable thing to do in my life.”

Very likely, if he could have guessed at the awful “inconvenience” into which his honourable intentions had plunged a most respectable family, whose convenience it had of yore been his business to study, the Marchese would have been the first to deplore his unintentional troublesomeness. But he never guessed it, and truth to tell, he was at that moment so occupied in swearing at the “inconvenience” in which an unwonted foolhardiness was involving himself that he had no leisure to be aware of the disquiet of others.

For while mother and daughters had been striving to fathom his intentions, his intentions had been suddenly and fundamentally transformed by something that had been passing before his eyes beyond the latticed casements of the old mullioned window in which he stood.

Beyond the smooth English lawn, with its neat beds of flowering forget-me-not and golden wall-flowers, and its stiff yew-hedge dividing it on either side from the cabbages and asparagus—a row of ilex-trees, that might have grown in his own country, stood between himself and the silvery Northern sea.

They stood black beside the tenderness of blossoming lilac and laburnum, and their shade made a pattern on the green English turf; and in the heart of the shade were a young man and a maiden.

The young man had his arm round the girl’s waist, and the Marchese could see the curve of her pretty white throat and the set of her pretty fair head as she lifted her face to her lover’s.

Two little dainty russet-clad feet were standing tip-toe that their owner might reach nearer to the bearded face on the top of that tall, strong form; and again the Marchese was fain to notice the precise length of that delicious tailor-made skirt which displayed them, and the precise cut of the bewitching little coat which so remorselessly turned its back on him.

He let a gentle sigh escape him: there was no doubt that it was not everybody, even among the English, who could wear tailor-made dresses equally well.

“My dear Marchese, we think perhaps there is some little misunderstanding,” came the even voice of Mamma Jones, interrupting his mournful meditations.

He turned abruptly, snatched back to a terrible reality. In the anxious eyes that had so often pathetically sought his assistance with refractory innkeepers he saw a new expression—a half-humorous, half-deprecating expression which he was far from attributing to its real cause. *Dio*, what had he done?

He had made an offer of marriage to this honourable lady for one of her daughters, and ass that he was, he had forgotten in his difficulties to distinguish! For which of them had the dear mamma accepted him?

He looked at Miss Jones’s hooked nose and angular shape, at Miss Sophy’s freckled skin and wide waist, and wondered whether Milanese Countesses would envy the tailor-made dresses as worn by either of these ladies. And he asked himself if there were not conditions which would make even a “*home à l’Anglaise*” dearly purchased!

“Misunderstake,” echoed he, striving at the word with a fair glimmering of its meaning and a sorrowful sense of its justness!

“Yes,” said Miss Jones the elder, valiantly taking up the parable. “You see mamma got a letter from her London agent this morning, saying that they were sending her a foreign gentleman to see the house. And we naturally supposed that you were he.”

Not a muscle of the Italian’s face moved. He did not quite understand yet, but he saw a possible loophole, and discreetly waited in the hope that it might widen.

“But certainly,” echoed he, “to see your beautiful ‘ouse.”

“Yes,” continued Mary, “we are anxious to let it directly after the wedding. My youngest sister is to be married in a month, and then we three want to go abroad at once.”

The faintest trace of cunning crept into the pathetic eyes, but otherwise the Marchese’s face betrayed no sign of the many and varied emotions that were coursing through his simple mind.

He understood that she whom he had once fancied walking at his side upon the public street of his native town in an English tailor-made dress was to be the bride of another, but he began to hope that no alternative bride need be his.

“I make all my compliments to Mrs. and to Mees, her daughter,” said he graciously, with a low bow to the mamma; and wondered what “to let” might mean.

“You remember the agents who sent you here—the agents in Pall Mall,” Miss Jones was telling him. “They will explain the terms to you—the price of the house you know!”

Then of a sudden, comprehension leapt to his brain and travelled to the melancholy eyes! Price! Of course, he knew that word well! Had it not been the word chiefly on his tongue in his former intercourse with the family Jones?

“Perfectly,” said he quietly, as though no doubt had ever crossed his mind as to the object of their interview. “You will to sell your ‘ouse! Pity!” And he shrugged his shoulders in courteous sympathy. “So I will to the advocates—to make the price.”

“Not sell it,” shrieked mother and daughters in chorus! “Only let it!”

“It is all one,” said the Marchese lightly, but still with his quiet manner. “I am, my faith, no good for the English language. Sell, let, I know not! But the advocates, they tell me. I go to the advocates.”

And determined to risk no more English modes, he swept his hat around in the manner to which he was born. “Ladies,” said he, “it is my grief after long parting, to re-part so short; but my joy to see you so charming as always! Mrs., I kiss your ‘and.”

And, backing ceremoniously, he reached the door.

He would not have to reproach himself that he had forgotten his traditions in his aching desire to be gone; but *Dio*, what an escape he was having!

As he took his last look at the rigid backs and frigid glances of the family Jones, he was so thankful to be delivered from the possible consequences of a mad ambition that he quite forgot having suffered a slight disappointment. And it never occurred to the Marchese that if the family Jones had resumed its original frigidity, it was because *it*, too, had altered its point of view.

If, as he drove away beneath that admirable avenue of English trees, he had overheard these well-born ladies echoing his own sentiments, he might have indulged in other reflections than those, so flattering to his *amour propre*, which he enjoyed!

“Well, my dears,” mamma was saying with a sigh of relief, “it’s a mercy we were mistaken; but what an escape we have had, to be sure! Comptons can get rid of the man, of course; but I must really remonstrate with them for sending us a foreigner at all! And it’s a lesson to me not to accept the services of a stranger again! While, as for you, let this teach you that, however amusing it may be to get a peep at Continental manners, it isn’t safe to get intimate with foreigners, since they consider themselves entitled to resume the acquaintance in one’s own country.”

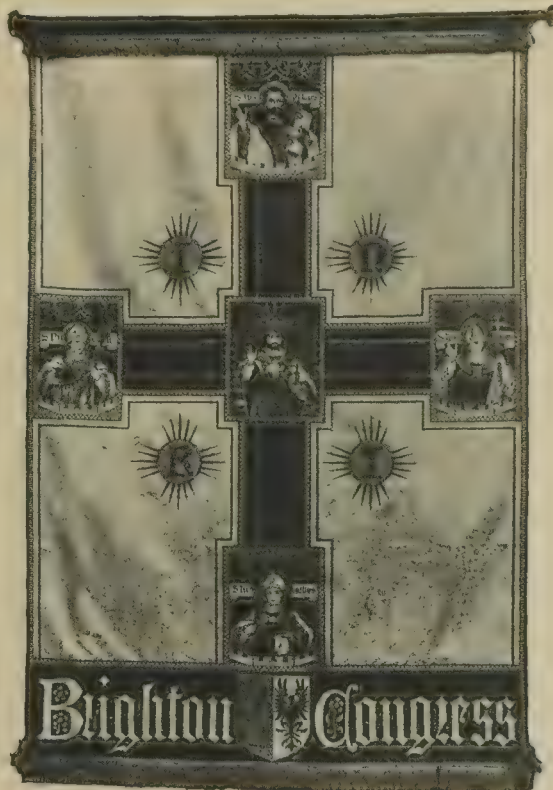
THE END.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT BRIGHTON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL.



THE PROCESSION, LED BY THE CHOIR.



THE CONGRESS BANNER, CARRIED BY THE CHOIR.



A VIEW OF THE PROCESSION.

Canon Deane. Mr. Campion (Prin. Sec.). Rev. H. Palmer.

Rev. A. Meyrick.
Rev. W. R. Nightingale. Mr. G. F. Chambers. Rev. W. E. A. Young.



Rev. I. G. Lockhart. Archdeacon Sutton. Archdeacon Emery. Dr. Hannah. Bishop of Chichester. Viscount Gage. Archdeacon Sinclair. Canon Masters. Sir Evan Nepean.

THE COMMITTEE OF THE CHURCH CONGRESS.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PROCESSION.



THE MUNICIPAL PROCESSION.

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN THE ROMAN FORUM.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT ROME.



1. THE REGIA. 2. THE FONS JUTURNÆ.

THE discoveries which have been made in the Roman Forum within the last two years have been far-reaching in their importance, for not only have they revolutionised the topography of the Forum, but they have given the lie to many cherished theories. The chief finds which rewarded the labours of Signor Boni have been the discovery of the true Via Sacra, of the Lapis Niger, of the Sacrum of Mars in the Regia; of the Rostra, of a sewer older than the Cloaca Maxima, of the Fons and Lacus Juturnæ, and the mediæval Church of Sancta Maria Antiqua. The impetus which has thus been given to the study of Roman archæology will not be suffered to languish by the newly established British School of Archæology at Rome, an institution which will carry on a



THE LACUS JUTURNÆ.

work similar to that which has been attended with such excellent results at the hands of a kindred institution, the British School at Athens. On the south-east side of the Temple of Castor has been discovered the Lacus Juturnæ, occupying the exact position in which it is marked, although not named, on a fragment of an ancient plan of Rome which is now preserved in the Capitoline Museum. Mr. Rushforth, of the British School at Rome, has thus described the Lacus Juturnæ in a letter to the *Times*: "The Lacus is a deep rectangular reservoir lined with marble. At the north-east angle the spring comes up through an opening in the floor which goes down to the gravel. The centre is occupied by a large oblong base of masonry, also faced with marble, upon which no doubt stood side by side, as is suggested in the ancient plan, the pedestals with Castor and Pollux holding their horses." At the time of the excavations a marble altar was found in the Lacus, "presenting on its faces reliefs of Jupiter, the Dioscuri, Leda, and a female deity with a torch. There is a small group of chapels to the south-east of the Lacus, and in these some pieces of sculpture have been found, mostly poor work of the second century A.D. or even later. Immediately to the right of these buildings rises the shrine of

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN THE ROMAN FORUM.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT ROME.

Juturna, a tall niche of brickwork originally cased in marble. Close under its front is a marble well-head (*puteal*), quite perfect, with an inscription recording its dedication to Juturna by Marcus Barbatius Pollio, curule ædile. There is no spring in the well, and the water which filled it was brought from the Lacus." The Fons Juturnæ, at which Castor and Pollux (the Dioscuri) are fabled to have refreshed themselves after the battle of Lake Regillus, was believed to have been situated between the House of the Vestals and the Temple of the Dioscuri, and there, indeed, it was discovered.

Among the discoveries are two churches, a larger and a smaller, the latter of which is situated immediately behind the shrine of Juturna. The larger church consisted of the two great halls, or *basilicæ*, which were built in the second century between the Palatine Hill and the Temple of Augustus. In Christian times the *basilicæ* were remodelled and decorated with mural paintings. The inner church is the better preserved of the two, and "in places," says Mr. Rushforth, "the frescoes on the walls are to all intents and purposes as fresh as the day that they were painted, and the architectural arrangements are fairly easy to trace. An apse

FRESCOES IN THE APSE OF THE CHURCH OF SANCTA MARIA ANTIQUA.



A CHRISTIAN BASILICA ON THE PALATINE.

has been hollowed out of the back wall of the square sanctuary, which is flanked by two chapels, while the nave of the church was separated from the aisles by two granite columns on either side. Low screens divided up the space in a curious way. Every inch of the surface of walls, screens, and columns was covered with painting. Most of that which has survived belongs demonstrably to the middle of the eighth century. To the left of the colossal Christ in the apse stands a bishop with the square nimbus, which shows that a contemporary person is represented. Beside him is his name; it is Paul I. (757-767). A glimpse, by-the-way, was got of this figure when the apse was excavated nearly two hundred years ago; but the rest is new to us. In the chapel to the left, beneath a Crucifixion of extraordinary brilliancy, which fills the recess above the altar (the base of which still stands in its place), the Virgin is represented, surrounded by Peter and Paul, Quiricus and Julitta, the saints to whom the chapel was dedicated, as the paintings on the side walls show. The scenes from the Old Testament which covered the side walls of the church are in the same style as these paintings, and formed part of the same scheme of decoration."



NEWLY DISCOVERED PORTION OF THE HOUSE OF THE VESTALS.



SCENE IN THE ROMAN FORUM.



THE RUSSIAN MINISTER OF EDUCATION PERFORMING THE OPENING CEREMONY.



THE EXTERIOR OF THE LIBRARY, SHOWING THE NEW WING.

• THE ENLARGEMENT OF THE IMPERIAL PUBLIC LIBRARY AT ST. PETERSBURG.

LAUNCH OF THE FIRST BRITISH SUBMARINE.

The first of the five of the submarines of the *Holland* type which are being prepared for his Majesty's Navy was launched on Oct. 2 at Barrow Yard. The launch was as unusual as the craft itself, for there was no ceremony, and the vessel left the ways unnamed and unnumbered. The boat is so constructed as to offer the least possible resistance to the water when cruising on the surface, where her motive power will be a gasoline engine with a maximum speed of about nine knots an hour. When the vessel is submerged, she will be propelled by an electrical motor at a speed of seven knots an hour for a four hours' run. The current will be supplied from storage batteries, and the vessel will be lighted by incandescent electric lamps. There is provision for storage of compressed air for ventilation, and the steering and diving are to be regulated by hand. The submarine measures 63 ft. from stem to

stern by 11 ft. 9 in beam. After the launch she was towed to the Devonshire Dock to be completed. During her fitment she is to be guarded by the *Hazard* torpedo gun-boat.

THREE VICTORIA CROSS HEROES.

The King has just conferred the Victoria Cross on two officers and one non-commissioned officer for conspicuous bravery in South Africa. These were Lieutenant F. W. Bell, of the West Australian Mounted Infantry; Lieutenant W. J. English, of the 2nd Scottish Horse; and Farrier-Major W. J. Hardham, of the 4th New Zealand Contingent. Lieutenant Bell was present at the engagement at Brakpan on May 16 of the present year, and as he was retiring under a heavy fire after holding the right flank of the position, he noticed a dismounted man. He at once returned and took the man up behind him on his own horse. The animal, however, fell with them. Lieutenant Bell remained behind, and covered his comrade's retirement.

The second recipient of the most coveted honour of the Army, Lieutenant English, was holding with five men the right of a position at Vlaktefontein on July 3, 1901. Two of his men were killed and two wounded, but the position was held, thanks to the Lieutenant's personal gallantry. When the ammunition ran short he went over to the next party and obtained more, although to do so he had to cross some thirty yards of open ground swept with fire from a range of between twenty and thirty yards.

Farrier-Major W. J. Hardham, 4th New Zealand Contingent, was with an extended section which was hotly engaged by a party of twenty Boers near Naauwpoort on Jan. 28 of this year. The force had begun to retire, when one of their number, Trooper McCrae, was wounded, and his horse killed. Farrier-Major Hardham went, under a heavy fire, to the man's aid, dismounted, lifted him on his own horse, and ran beside him until he had reached a place of safety.



THE LAUNCH OF THE FIRST SUBMARINE BOAT FOR SERVICE IN THE BRITISH NAVY AT BARROW, OCTOBER 2.

THREE WINNERS OF THE VICTORIA CROSS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



1. Lieut. F. W. Bell, 2nd Aust. Mounted Infantry.

2. Lieut. W. J. English
2nd Scottish Horse

3.
Farrier Major W. J. Hardham.
4th New Zealand Contingent.

THE EXPLOITS WHICH WON THE VICTORIA CROSS FOR BELL, ENGLISH, AND HARDHAM.

THE GUERRILLA WARFARE IN SOUTH AFRICA



YEOMANRY SURPRISED IN A DRIFT WHILE PURSUING A BOER COMMANDO IN CAPE COLONY.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

THE CONTEST FOR THE AMERICA CUP.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT NEW YORK FOR THE YACHT RACES.



"Columbia."

"Shamrock II."

THE FINISH OF THE FIRST RACE BETWEEN "COLUMBIA" AND "SHAMROCK II.," SEPTEMBER 28.



THE DUKE OF CORNWALL'S CANADIAN TOUR.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS AT LORD STRATHCONA'S HOUSE, MONTREAL.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CANADA.



THE ROYAL PARTY SHOOTING THE TIMBER SLIDE AT OTTAWA, SEPTEMBER 23.

GERMAN TROOPS IN VIENNA ON THEIR WAY HOME FROM CHINA.



THE GERMANS MARCHING THROUGH THE STREETS OF VIENNA.

THE GERMAN DETACHMENT WITH ITS COLOUR MARCHING PAST THE AUSTRIAN EMPEROR.

THE GERMAN TROOPS AT DRILL ON THE PRATER.

THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH WATCHING THE GERMAN TROOPS AT DRILL ON THE PRATER.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The late meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science may be described as having been followed by a full measure of success. I do not remember to have witnessed a higher degree of attention being paid to the reports of the proceedings by the public, and this is, in its way, a gratifying feature, for there were not wanting those who, in a somewhat pessimistic spirit, were found to declare their belief that the Association was getting "played out." Not that the public can of necessity follow the whole course of the proceedings. Many of the addresses were of a highly technical character, as became their nature and the audience to which they were specially intended to appeal. This was an obvious matter; but beyond the purely technical side of the meeting, there remained much that could be appreciated by an intelligent person. Of this kind of material, I think, the recent meeting afforded a fairly full supply.

One of the salient features of the gathering was the presidential address. Professor Rücker dealt with a problem which has had a fascination for mankind ever since science was born. He discoursed on what one may shortly and summarily call the constitution of matter. What is the essence of the material whereof all things consist? Is there one, or are there many kinds of matter? What is the ultimate form in which this matter exists? Can we conceive of the primary condition of matter at all? Such are a few of the questions which physical science is continually asking of itself. We can see the philosophical necessity which urges mankind to face the problems involved in these questions. If, with Laplace, we venture to cast our thoughts back to the beginning of things—if, indeed, we can conceive of any beginning at all—we might endeavour to trace with him the formation, the birth, and the growth of worlds. The nebular theory was an attempt to figure forth how matter combined to give us the solar system, and, perchance, the rest of the unthinkable universe as well. Once started with matter (and force), the rest is easy; but beyond this stage of the argument lies still the question of what matter is.

Professor Rücker, dealing, then, with such questions, took as the central idea of his address the validity or otherwise of the famous atomic theory. Here we have an illustration of the philosophical necessity which any theory represents. It is an attempt to explain facts or conditions by postulating certain relationships or connections between them. Left to and by themselves, facts are of no avail for scientific advance. They are detached, isolated units in the sphere of mind. But when we bring one fact into relation with another, and thus constitute a harmony between a series of facts, we have propounded a theory of their nature. The theory, in truth, is the thread on which we string our pearls, or facts. The good theory is that which explains all the conditions, and is contradicted by none. The bad theory is bowled over by one or more of the facts, and so is renounced because it has not served the purpose for which it was created and evolved.

Judged by these standards, the atomic theory was an honest attempt to fathom the mystery of matter. It supposes that matter, in its essential nature, is composed of atoms, particles, or molecules so fine that the mind of man is scarcely able, if able at all, to grasp the idea of their infinitesimal nature. Lord Kelvin has made an attempt to figure forth the immense hordes of atoms represented in, say, a cubic inch of water. Their number it is practically impossible to determine. With all matter thus consisting of atoms, the further problems that face us relate to the behaviour of the individual particles as regards one another, and also as regards particles of diverse nature. Here we trench on the science of chemistry, which in its furthest reaches may be regarded as dealing with the properties of the molecules, with their affinities to one another. If we unite oxygen and hydrogen in certain proportions, we form water. Now, according to what rule is it that the atoms should resolve themselves into a liquid when in other proportions they form something else? This shows us how the atomic theory affects chemistry; and the search after an answer to the question, "Are the very elements really indivisible into different bodies?" must be sought on lines to which the atomic theory surely leads that branch of science.

The President of the British Association told his hearers that the atomic theory was to be regarded as a feasible one, and that we might consider atoms as "physical realities." This is the latest word of science on the matter, and it remains for the future to show forth how far into the elucidation of the problems of the universe this theory may serve as a useful and trustworthy guide. If the problems of matter are great, as perplexing is the question of the nature of "force." When the atoms have been better investigated, perchance we shall be made aware of the nature of the forces that direct, impel, and cause their movements. With the eye of faith, the philosopher sees the universe as one in which there is no stillness whatever. Everywhere there is commotion and activity among the atoms whereof its matter is composed. Whether we watch the nebulous cloud, or deal with the work of living things, we have equally to face the problems of motion. Life itself is made manifest through forms of energy peculiar to vitality, and the riddle of the universe must be more complex far in the sphere of living things than in the domain of the stars.

A stone thrown into a pool produces a series of eddying circles, which finally seem to disappear at the pool's margin, and to become extinct as if they had never been. The scientist will tell us that these eddies propagated from the stone's fall, never cease, but are propagated eternally through the universe. So true is it that, as you can never create and never destroy matter, so you can never annihilate energy. Both, in the nature of things, are enduring and eternal.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

MARCO SALEM (Bologna).—We are glad your perseverance overcame every difficulty at last. We would add that you will seldom find anything wrong with Mrs. Baird's problems.

HERREWAD. In our copy of the column the Pawn you speak of at Black's Q Kt 6th is a White one, as it ought to be.

E J WINTER WOOD. Your problem shall appear in the course of a few weeks.

J M MOORAT (Folkestone). Problems to hand, and shall be examined.

F CLARKE. Will you send another diagram of your problem.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 2900 and 2901 received from Banarsi Das (Moradabad and C A M (Penang); of No. 2902 from M Shaida Ali Khan (Rampur), Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon), and Banarsi Das; of No. 2903 from Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 2904 from Marco Salem (Bologna), F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells), and Emile Frau; of No. 2905 from F B (Worthing), Albert Wolff (Putney), Emile Frau, F J Candy, and J S Smith (Mountmellick); of No. 2906 from G B D, Frank Shrubsole (Faversham), F B (Worthing), J S Smith, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Emile Frau, John M Moorat (Folkestone), J F Moon, I Desanges, H E Lees, W Pilkington (Pendleton), and T Roberts.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2907 received from C M A B, W C D Smith (Northampton), Emile Frau (Lyons), Shadforth, Albert Wolff (Putney), Frank Clarke (Bingham), W Pilkington, F R Pickering, F B (Worthing), Major Nangle (Kathmies), Hereward, F W Moore (Brighton), M A Eyre (Folkestone), H Le Jeune, Thomas H Knight (Greenwich), F J S (Hampstead), John M Moorat (Folkestone), T Roberts, Edith Corser (Reigate), R H Blackburn (Crofton), Sorrento, Martin F, Clement C Danby, W A Barnard (Uppingham), W A Lillico (Edinburgh), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), C E Perugini, F Dalby, J A S Hanbury (Moseley), E J Winter Wood, H S Brandreth (Hamburg), H Trevelyan, L Bartel (Hampstead), R Worters (Canterbury), Charles Burnett, James W North (Westward Ho), J F Moon, Edward J Sharpe, Rev. A Mays (Bedford), E E Farrow (Epsom), L Penfold, T G (Ware), T Colledge Halliburton (Jedburgh), Henry A Donovan (Listowel), Frank Shrubsole (Faversham), J Hall, Reginald Gordon, H E Lees, Walter C Bennett (Windsor), J Millington (York), L Desanges, and G Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2906.—BY BANARSI DAS.

WHITE.

1. Kt to Q 5th
2. Q to B 8th (ch)
3. Kt mates.

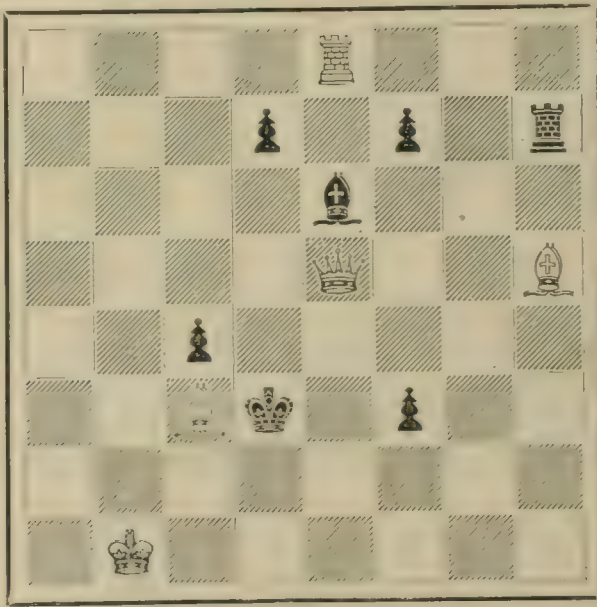
If Black play 1. K takes Kt, 2. Q to K 5th (ch); if 1. K to B 2nd, 2. Kt to Q 8th (ch); if 1. K to B 4th, 2. Kt to Q 4th (ch); and if 1. P to Q 7th, then 2. Kt to Q 8th (ch), and 3. Q or Kt mates.

BLACK.

- K to Q 2nd
- K takes Q

PROBLEM No. 2909.—BY H. M. PRIDEAUX.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played by correspondence between Messrs. E. SMITH and J. A. FORD. (Gioco Piano.)

- | | | | |
|-------------------|----------------|--|-----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. S.) | BLACK (Mr. F.) | WHITE (Mr. S.) | BLACK (Mr. F.) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 17. Kt to B 3rd | Kt to B 5th |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | 18. Black at this point has a pretty good game. It is curious to see how he loses it. | |
| 3. B to B 4th | B to B 4th | 19. Q to K 3rd | P to K Kt 5th |
| 4. Castles | Kt to B 3rd | 20. Kt to K Kt 5th | P takes P |
| 5. P to Q 3rd | P to Q 3rd | 21. Kt takes K B P | P takes P |
| 6. B to K 3rd | B to Kt 3rd | 22. Black has been given time to play this very effective move; but P to K Kt 3rd and other defences would appear to fail. | |
| 7. Q to K 2nd | P to K R 3rd | 23. K R to Q sq | Kt (B 3) to Q 4 |
| 8. P to K R 3rd | P to K Kt 4th | 24. P takes Kt | R to K Kt sq |
| 9. Kt to R 2nd | Kt to K 2nd | 25. Q to R 5th looks like winning for Black, but the game is so complicated that the least slip is fatal. The play is on both sides full of life and interest. | |
| 10. Kt to Q B 3rd | P to Q B 3rd | 26. P to Q 6th | Q to R 5th |
| 11. Q R to Q sq | Kt to Kt 3rd | 27. P to Q 6th (ch) | B to K 3rd |
| 12. B takes B | P takes B | 28. P to Q 7th (ch) | K takes Kt |
| 13. P to Q 4th | P takes K 2nd | 29. B takes B (ch) | Kt takes B |
| 14. P takes P | P takes P | 30. P to Q 8 (Kt) (ch) | Resigns. |
| 15. R to Q 2nd | P to Q Kt 4th | | |
| 16. B to Kt 3rd | P to K R 4th | | |

Game played between Mr. OMEHANSKI and another AMATEUR. (Staunton's Opening.)

- | | | | |
|---|-----------------|----------------------|-----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. O.) | BLACK (Amateur) | WHITE (Mr. O.) | BLACK (Amateur) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 15. Q to K 3rd | K to B 3rd |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | 16. R to Q sq | Q to K 2nd |
| 3. P to B 3rd | P to K B 4th | 17. B to K 2nd | K to Kt 3rd |
| 4. P to Q 4th | P to Q 3rd | 18. P to K R 4th | P to K R 4th |
| 5. P takes K P | B P takes P | 19. Q to Kt 3rd | R to K sq |
| 6. Kt to Kt 5th | P to Q 4th | 20. P to K B 4th | Kt to Kt 5th |
| 7. P to K 6th | Kt to K 4th | 21. P to B 5th (ch) | K to B 3rd |
| 8. Q to Q 4th | Q to Q 3rd | 22. Kt to K 6th | K Kt to R 3rd |
| 9. P to Q 3rd | | 23. Castles | P to Q Kt 4th |
| 10. B to K 4th threatens to gain a piece, and ought to win more directly than the course adopted. | | 24. P to B 4th | P to Kt 5th |
| 11. P to B 4th | P to B 4th | 25. B to B sq | Kt takes P |
| 12. Kt to B 3rd would, of course, let in the Kt to B 7th. Black's game is now bad, for the position of the King is dangerous. | | 26. B to Kt 5th (ch) | K takes Kt |
| 13. B to R 3rd | B takes P | 27. B takes Kt | P takes B |
| 14. Kt to Q 2nd | B to Q 2nd | 28. Q to K sq (ch) | K to B 2nd |
| 15. Q Kt takes P | P takes Kt | 29. R takes Kt (ch) | Q to B 3rd |
| 16. Q takes K P | B to B 3rd | 30. Q to B sq | R to K 3rd |
| | | 31. B takes Q | P takes B |
| | | 32. R to K sq | R takes R |
| | | 33. R takes P (ch) | K to Kt 2nd |
| | | 34. Q takes R | Resigns. |

If K takes R, White wins by Q to R sq (ch) followed by Q takes R.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the name of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

PEAT IN PLACE OF COALS.

The harassed householder, with winter at the door and the price of coal still rising, not long ago had the hope held out to him of finding a cheap fuel in peat. Unfortunately, the moss-litter companies, who work the great peat beds, could not corroborate this good news. The relative value of coal and peat in normal times, said they, was to be judged by the fact that they themselves use coal for supplying the motive power where-with to carry on their industry. Peat, in fact, is nearly as costly as the present dear coal, or, at any rate, the margin of difference is not sufficient to justify the owners of mosses in embarking on a competitive fight with coal, in which they would certainly come off second best so soon as coal falls back to anything like its old price. So the householders' hopes were dashed. We are not, after all, to hear the peat-horn sounding in our villages once more, nor will the flavour of peat-reek float again round the umber gables where it was wont to linger at all times and seasons. And (more practical, though less picturesque, consideration) we are not to be able, with the consciousness of cellars stacked with the brown turves, to snap our fingers at the coal-agents and their offers of cobbles at thirty-two shillings a ton.

The typical example of a peat-burning country is Holland. It is there that peat has had the most far-reaching influence. The working of the beds affected, and still affects, the water-levels—in that country an all-important matter. It changed the configuration of the land, and is doing so to this day. Esquiro, seeking for an explanation of the characters of peoples in their environment, drew an ingenious parallel between the Dutch and the peat which supplies them with fuel. As showing how Holland is still affected by the peat industry, it may be mentioned that, according to a recent writer, one of the great obstacles to compulsory education, which was adopted in Holland the other day only, is the difficulty of reaching the floating population, a very considerable part of which, of course, is to be found on the peat-boats.

Much of the surface of Holland is covered by peat beds; but they are beds of two different kinds of peat. That of the low beds lies saturated with water, under a layer of clay. After being dredged from the water it is spread upon the ground, and prepared and cut for market, where it is known as hard peat, or, rather, as hard *turf*. This kind of peat is extensively used in Dutch houses, where there are no open fires, and in winter the rooms are heated by stoves. These stoves are mostly stoked with his hard peat, for which, too, other and more delicate uses are found. For example, every Dutch household possesses a tea-stove, a utensil which has found its way into our furnishing warehouses, and so into our rooms, in the guise of an ornamental flower-pot. In the tea-stove, which is a portable metal bucket, often of quaint and pleasant design, a lump of glowing peat is placed, and the kettle swung over it. The hard, close-grained peat burns without a flame and without smoke, and is safe, therefore, and it gives off a slight and not disagreeable odour. On account of these properties it can be employed also in the little stoves for the feet, which in winter are in constant use among ladies in church, and even in the drawing-room. It is economical fuel, or can be made so if you are as careful and thrifty as the Dutch housewife is. In constant use by her is the *doove-pot*, which is another portable and shining pail of metal, but with a lid, and designed, as its name implies, as an extinguisher. Into this the partially consumed peat, when no longer required, is put by, to be ready for the rekindling of the stove on another day.

The other peat is the commoner, cheaper, lighter, and more fibrous kind, which is cut out of the so-called "high" beds. These are found chiefly on the eastern borders, in the provinces of Groningen and Drenthe, and stretching south to Brabant and Limburg, and across the frontiers into Germany. These extensive and dreary regions of peat-moss, which conceal many a tragedy of past centuries, now play an important part in the industrial life of Holland. They are intersected by a network of canals, which are connected with the main water-system of the country, and are crowded with peat-boats. The peat-boat is a familiar sight in Holland everywhere. The only coal found in the country is that in Limburg, and it probably does not account for more than three per cent. of the coal consumed by the Dutch. Peat, therefore, is the staple fuel. But the peat-boats in the eastern provinces represent more than a copious supply of fuel. They are evidences of a vast reclamation of old peat-mosses to agricultural uses. Great quantities of potatoes are grown on them, for the thriving potato-starch industry that has sprung up in these districts. One of the latest returns shows that there are a score of these potato-starch manufactories in the province of Groningen alone, exporting many thousands of tons.

These peat-mosses, of course, are not all reclaimed. The work of bringing them under cultivation is still going on on a large scale, giving employment to many hundreds of men, women, and children, and new colonies are springing up with every prospect of success. The first operation is the draining of the fen which is being attacked, and when this is finished, and the net of waterways has been spread over it, the peat-workers settle on the banks of the canals. In their train come the merchants who are to supply them with the necessities of life; later, the clergyman and the schoolmaster arrive, to attend to their higher needs. Here is the nucleus of a fast-increasing population, which, however, always makes its home on the side of the canals, with the result that the colonies are composed of an apparently never-ending series of straggling townships. Turf by turf, the bleak and barren fen is removed, stacked and dried, and shipped to the various markets; and in this way, out of the exploitation of the peat-mosses, the country is supplied with fuel, and thousands of acres of fertile soil and a flourishing new industry are added to its resources.



From a sketch by A. Eism, Melbourne, Vic.

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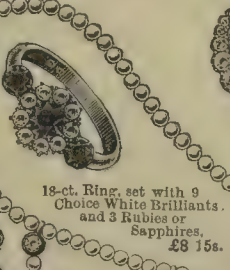
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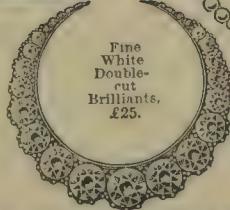
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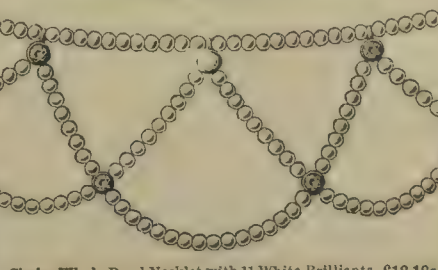
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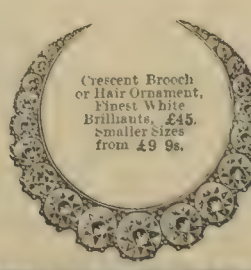
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LADIES' PAGES.

It is curious that there should be so much question as to whether poultry-farms can be made to pay in this country. The enormous importation of eggs and fowls from abroad seems at first a most unreasonable matter. It is calculated that we import annually fifty-five eggs a head; a total of many millions. But when we ask why the money for this valuable food is not kept in our own midst, there is a vague (as to reason) but very decided (as to fact) assertion from practical persons on all hands that the production of eggs cannot be made to pay here; and one authority has challenged the community to produce a single poultry-farm that has been able to keep going profitably for as long as three years in any part of this country! But why should it be more difficult to raise poultry and produce eggs in this climate than in the very similar one of France? Why should it be so much more costly to produce these articles of diet here than in our own colonies that the carriage can be paid over the sea, and as we are officially informed, "in Canada the poultry industry is progressing by leaps and bounds, and there are enormous duck and chicken farms established specially to supply the London market"? The care of poultry is one of the oldest female occupations, and it is one of the ancient domestic trades that have not been replaced by machinery, as so many of our older forms of productive work have been. It would be foolish for us to insist now on making our own soap, our family candles, our pet perfumes, and many another article that our ancestresses used to produce in their own homes; because the progress of manufacture by machinery, helped by the employment of steam for carrying goods about from the factory to shops, and again to our individual homes, has really taken these domestic works out of our hands, and made them into wholesale business enterprises. But eggs and chickens still need individual production; and it seems as if we ought to be able to make the *basse-cour* a paying business for women. Is it, perchance, because our women will not work in that direction?

May there not be many matters that might be made domestically profitable as well as poultry-farming if women of education—that is, of trained brain-power were willing to work at home here as they must do, and will do, when they emigrate? The removal from our own forward as the one remedy for the overcrowding of educated, refined women in this country, means, in fact, that those women shall go to do the drudgery of household labour, and such farm-work as the care of the poultry, with their own hands in distant homes. It is so often overlooked that this, and this alone, is the condition that must be accepted for making a success out of emigration, that an article in the



EVENING GOWN OF TRANSPARENT NET AND SATIN.

Fortnightly Review, entitled "Women's Work in Western Canada," deserves special praise for so clearly putting forward this side of the case. The writer, Miss Elizabeth Lethwaite, and her sister, went out to their brothers, who had settled in Western Canada; and though she is pleased with the life she lived there, it is made plain that it was essentially the same as that of domestic servants at home. The girls rose at six, and went down to prepare the breakfast. The young men were already out and about, and one of them usually lit the fire before going out, and the young ladies themselves laid the breakfast-table the night before. After the breakfast that they had prepared was eaten, they cleared away and washed up; and then one, the cook-sister, swept the dining-room, looked after the poultry, churned the cream or made the bread, and prepared the dinner. The other, meantime, was doing the housemaid's work in the bed-rooms, then dusting the sitting-rooms, sweeping, and polishing. The account is made as rosy-coloured as possible, for it is announced that churning, bread-making, looking after poultry, preparing two vegetables, and making a pudding or tart, also getting ready soup and game occasionally, etc., were all accomplished by half-past ten; and then the dinner kindly cooked itself "with an occasional visit to the kitchen." The cook who knows the labour involved in properly preparing a good meal will wonder how even the cleverest young lady got through so much so quickly and so easily.

But the details need not be pursued further. The point is that the emigrated ladies found themselves called upon to do exactly the same work that we know it is so difficult to get working-girls to do at home—the grubby, monotonous, incessant cleaning and cooking and laying and washing up after meals that domesticity inevitably means in the background. And the corollary is that if young ladies are willing to do such labour, they need not be expatriated for the purpose, for there is the same work ready for them at home. The only point of difference is that here it is considered undignified, mean, or unladylike to do such work; and that in the Colonies everybody, however well educated and refined, must do it for themselves, and so it ceases to be degrading. And, after all, perhaps this makes just the difference. Cannot we get out of this notion? Our "poor gentlefolk" would be greatly the gainers. At any rate, here, when the housework was done, there would be music and art and the circulating library and the shops to make leisure amusing; while in the Colonies there are only outdoor life and a little fortuitous and distant society to be enjoyed. So it would surely be better for refined, lady-like girls to do housework here than there, if we could but get rid of the notion of its being degrading and below caste.

Mrs. Alec Tweedie has already placed her name well up in the by no means scanty ranks of women travellers who have shown the courage and resource necessary to

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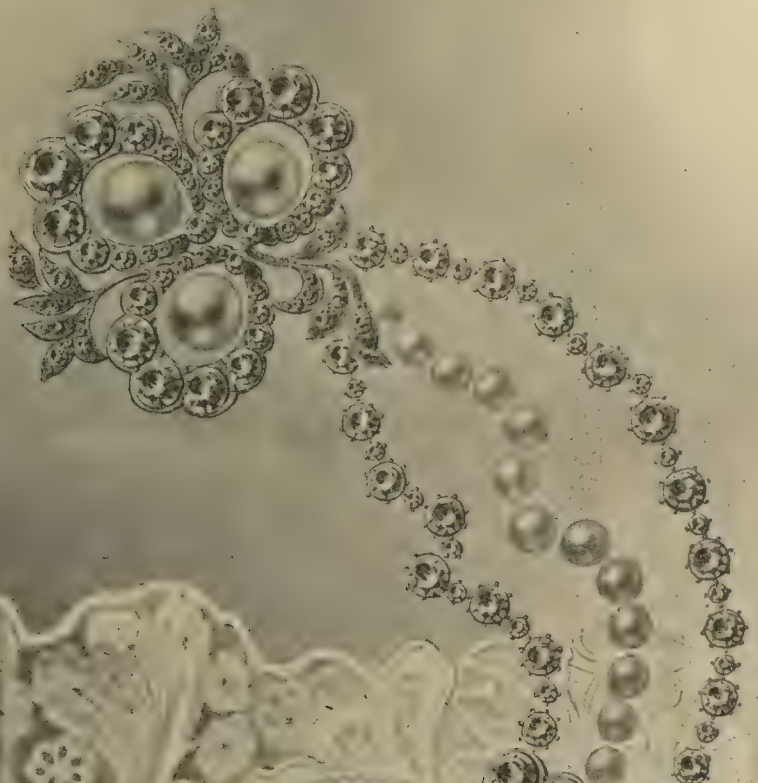
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penetrate, unprotected and alone, into strange lands. She has recently returned from a journey into the heart of Mexico, and is about to publish her adventures and observations. She rode far into the interior to visit the ruins of old temples and see the excavations of the relics of that wonderful old nation, the Aztecs. Like all women who ride seriously—that is to say, for long periods and over difficult country—Mrs. Tweedie adopts the astride position on these journeys, and has devised a becoming riding-dress for the purpose. It is passing strange that the weaker sex should have all the handicapping in physical exercises, for however the side position may be cheerfully endured in the ordinary rides of civilised life, even in hunting, it is the universal experience of women who ride on serious journeys that the side-saddle is so great an addition to fatigue and danger that it must be abandoned for the time. Mrs. Alec Tweedie is a charming artist, and the book will be profusely illustrated by her own pencil. The chief interest, however, must needs lie in the added proof of how good and kind even somewhat rough and uncivilised men can show themselves to “unprotected females” of the right character and manners, and how safely, therefore, women may generally travel alone.

Boleros and pouched bodices are still carrying the day in ordinary gowns. I wonder when the bolero will really depart? The three-quarter length coat-bodice has, indeed, quite made good its place; but short women do not look so well in these garments as do the tall and slim, and perhaps it is the predominance of the former type among the French women that is keeping the bolero and short bodice in favour. Zibeline does well with very little trimming, the fluffiness of its surface breaking any monotony sufficiently. Strappings, therefore, are rarely employed on it, unless to introduce a contrast of material and colour. Plaid strappings are considered *chic*. Broad bands of tartan are placed round a skirt, and again used in narrower guise on the lower part of the sleeves. Black ribbon velvet is immensely popular still; it is put on in many rows at the foot of the skirts, not always right round, but perhaps forming a side-panel effect, or set at the exact front in rows of graduated lengths, growing shorter as the higher part of the skirt is reached; or there may be a flounce and the ribbon strapping put above it. Deep collars are holding their own; almost sailor-like are some of the velvet collars placed on smart coat-bodices. As to the shape of skirts, it is still difficult to say what will be chosen by the best-dressed women. At present, the skirt plain and close-fitting round the hips, springing out from the knee either in the cut or by means of a *volant en forme*, is most usually shown. But at least one great designer is bent on, if possible, introducing pleated skirts, laid in folds all round the top, and left to flow loosely forth at the feet. It is not a very sensible notion for the time of year. The winter cloths that we must presently adopt are of necessity firm and somewhat heavy, and a series of folds like this is only suitable for the more delicate fabrics of the



EVENING GOWN OF WHITE CHIFFON AND SEQUINED NET.

warmer time of year. A plain skirt prettily strapped with either its own material or a plaid or silk strapping much stitched is as nice as anything, perhaps.

Furs take on a practical interest about this season. The wise woman does not leave this question till the snow is falling. Well, the most popular shapes are either the short coat reaching merely to the waist or a three-quarter-length sac coat, sometimes fitting at the back and sometimes loose all round. A three-quarter-length double-breasted coat fastening up to the throat is about the warmest and most sensible garment for really cold weather that can be devised. And the new coats for the most part do fasten up to the throat. The silly fashion of turning back revers at the top and leaving nothing to protect the throat and uppermost portion of the chest—the part where consumption almost always begins its ravages, by the way—is happily past. Some of the designs have a turn-down or cape collar, others a roll-over high collar, with revers beneath; in either case the coat fastens round the throat. What can be the creature that makes the “caracul” boleros that are sold so cheaply, I wonder? No matter; the result is a simple and pretty little coat, as nice to the eye as if it were really Persian lamb, and equally capable of keeping a girl whose dress allowance is modest warm as if it were the finest of sables; and such little coats are to be had for three or four pounds. Lace ties and cravats are to be worn round the neck with these fur coats, but the collar need not be abolished for that purpose. A long lace scarf tied in a big bow and ends will soften the appearance of a fur that is not in itself soft, as is the case with caracul or mink. But chinchilla, sable, and sealskin are themselves becoming near the face.

Now for our Illustrations, which are interesting as showing the novel evening style that, if the dressmakers are to be trusted, will carry all before it this year. The Empire effect, it will be seen, is given entirely by the overdress of transparent net, through which the close-fitting Princess-shaped underdress of satin is visible. I have described this before, but those of my readers who may not have seen such a gown will perhaps have hardly been able to understand it. Now the drawing makes comprehension easy, and it may be taken as certain that this style will be very fashionable this winter, and at the same time new and up-to-date. In the Illustration the flounce and collar are of ivory lace, and that black design is worked in sequins and jet. A wide belt may be placed round the figure, under the bust, instead of the falling collar, if preferred. The other gown shows a bolero-trimming of white chiffon on a Princess robe of white chiffon, overhung, in a fashion that has a hint of the Empire style, by long panels of sequined net, which are caught together with straps of black velvet, fastened with diamond buttons. The ornaments in the hair and on the neck are jet. FILOMENA.

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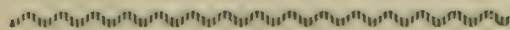
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THE LUXURY OF LUXURIES IN COCOA.

COAL IN KENT.

For the past few weeks the experimental borings at the Kent Colliery Works near Dover have been watched with the keenest interest. A ten-inch bore-hole was sunk towards the end of September at the bottom of No. 2 pit near Shakspeare Cliff at a depth of about 1100 ft. On Sept. 24 some fine sections of the coal measures were brought from the bottom of No. 2 shaft, and in these the

better fortune attended the efforts of the engineers. In the presence of Sir Owen Slacke and several directors, coal was raised from what appeared to be a good workable seam. The boring began at 10.30 in the morning, and at about three o'clock a second core was brought up which indicated the approach of coal. Both the English and French experts who were present agreed in identifying this as bituminous shale overlying the roof of a coal seam. The borings that had come to the surface

examples of fossil plants of the carboniferous age were discovered. The first seam, it would appear, is two feet thick, and ought to yield a good bright household coal. On Oct. 3 a second seam, twenty-two inches thick, was struck, and the evidence was held to prove the discovery of a valuable coalfield. Experimental borings had been conducted in 1890 by Mr. Brady, and the present trials have been held amply to verify his results. Professor Ethridge, in the course of an interview, said:



No. 2 SHAFT, WHERE THE RECENTLY FOUND COAL WAS EXTRACTED.



MOUTH OF THE EXPERIMENTAL PIT.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF COAL MINING IN KENT: VIEWS AT THE WORKINGS.

coal plant was abundantly evident, with occasional streaks of coal, with shale, such as is usually found when borings are approaching coal seams. On Sept. 27 several directors of the Kent Collieries Corporation attended to witness the cutting and drawing of the core from the first seam of coal, but owing to the falling in of the sides of the hole at the point where the bore passes through the marl, it was impossible to proceed with the experiment, which was accordingly postponed for a few days, until the hole could be completely lined with steel casing. On Oct. 2,

gave rise to a great deal of excitement on the part of the watchers. The drilling was performed by hand, and progress was consequently somewhat slow. At seven o'clock the boring-party brought up from the shaft a box about three feet long, and proceeded to one of the offices to examine its contents. When the box was opened, there was disclosed a very fine core, which Professor Ethridge pronounced to be a rare coal. His opinion was confirmed by the other experts on the ground. In the specimen obtained some very good

"The seam of coal passed through was a verification of Mr. Brady's original boring. The seam was much thicker than Mr. Brady indicated it. There were eight really workable seams that they knew of, but the four-foot seam at the bottom of Mr. Brady's bore was in all probability not the lowest by many. As to the extent of the coalfield, it has been proved nine miles to the north of Dover. It probably extends a greater distance still southward under the sea." The seam probably takes its rise in the Mendip Hills.

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Lessens the worries of life.

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Adds to the pleasures of home.

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Preserves the clothes.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 9, 1896), with five codicils (dated May 9, 1896, Jan. 18 and Aug. 5, 1897, Nov. 20, 1899, and June 1, 1901), of Mr. Edward Howley Palmer, of 16, Lower Seymour Street, and Collingwood Lodge, Primley, Surrey, who died on July 28, was proved on Oct. 1 by Frederick Alexis Eaton and Edwin Freshfield, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £111,870. The testator gives £500, an annuity of £100, part of his furniture, pictures, and plate, and the use of his leasehold residence in Lower Seymour Street to his wife, Mrs. Mary Palmer; £2000 each, upon trust, for Gertrude Simpson and Frederick Alexis Eaton; £500 to Edwin Freshfield; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his two sons, Mr. Edward Howley Palmer and Cecil Brooke Palmer, and their respective wives and families, his son Greville Horsley to bring into hotchpot a sum of £20,000.

The will and codicil (both dated Jan. 27, 1897) of Mr. Thomas Micklem, of Yew House, Hoddesdon, Herts., and 10, Cranford Street, who died on Aug. 27, were proved on Oct. 1 by Nathaniel Micklem, K.C., the son, Thomas Foster, the brother-in-law, and John Savile Vaisey, the executors, the value of the estate being £101,960. The testator gives the freehold ground rents

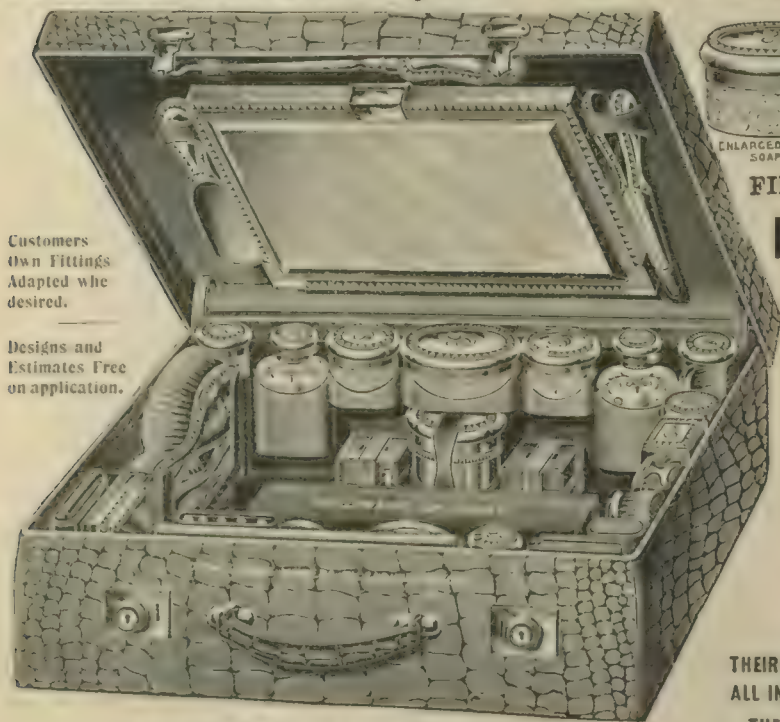
in the parishes of Bexley, Kent, Bray and Cookham, Berks, Hackney and Hornsey, Middlesex, and Walthamstow, Essex, and £10,000, upon trust, for his wife, Mrs. Ellen Micklem, for life; or until she shall marry again, and then for his four daughters by her, as she shall appoint. He also gives £8000, upon trust, for his said four daughters; £20,000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Elizabeth Winterbotham; his furniture, plate, jewels, wines, carriages and horses, and £500 to his wife; and legacies to relatives, executors, clerks, and servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Nathaniel.

The will (dated July 10, 1900) of Mr. Alexander Howden, of 72, Holland Park, and 138, Leadenhall Street, who died on Aug. 31, was proved on Oct. 1 by Mrs. Mary Ann Howden, the widow, Alexander Howden, and Douglas Alexander Howden, the sons, and David Alexander Howden, the cousin, the executors, the value of the estate being £87,607. The testator gives five thirtieths of his share and interest in the business of Alexander Howden and Co., shipbrokers, to his son Alexander; £100 to his said cousin; and £500, his household effects, and the income from one-half of his residuary estate, to his wife. Subject thereto, he leaves all his property between his children.

The will (dated Aug. 21, 1897), with a codicil (dated Sept. 23, 1899), of Miss Elizabeth Sloane Stanley, of 32, Leinster Gardens, who died on Sept. 7, has just been proved by Major Charles Edgeworth Gubbins and Busick Edmonds Pemberton, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £56,504. The testatrix gives £18,000 to Major Gubbins; £1000 each to the Rev. George Sloane Stanley, Henry Sloane Stanley, and Grace Sloane Stanley; £500 to William Sloane Stanley; £500 to Mrs. Walter Welby; £400 to the Middlesex Hospital; £300 each to the Samaritan Free Hospital and the Irish Sustentation Fund; £200 each to the London Medical Mission, the Marylebone Medical Mission and Dispensary, and the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain and Cattle Trough Association; £100 each to the Marylebone General Dispensary, the Marylebone Almshouses, and the Boys' Home, Shatterbury Avenue; and £50 each to the Dogs' Home and the Marylebone Grotto; and other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves to Major Gubbins.

The will (dated March 9, 1899) of Mr. Edward King, of 42, Kensington Palace Mansions, who died on April 17, was proved on Oct. 1 by Mrs. Mary Maitland King, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £50,428. The testator states that in his lifetime he had

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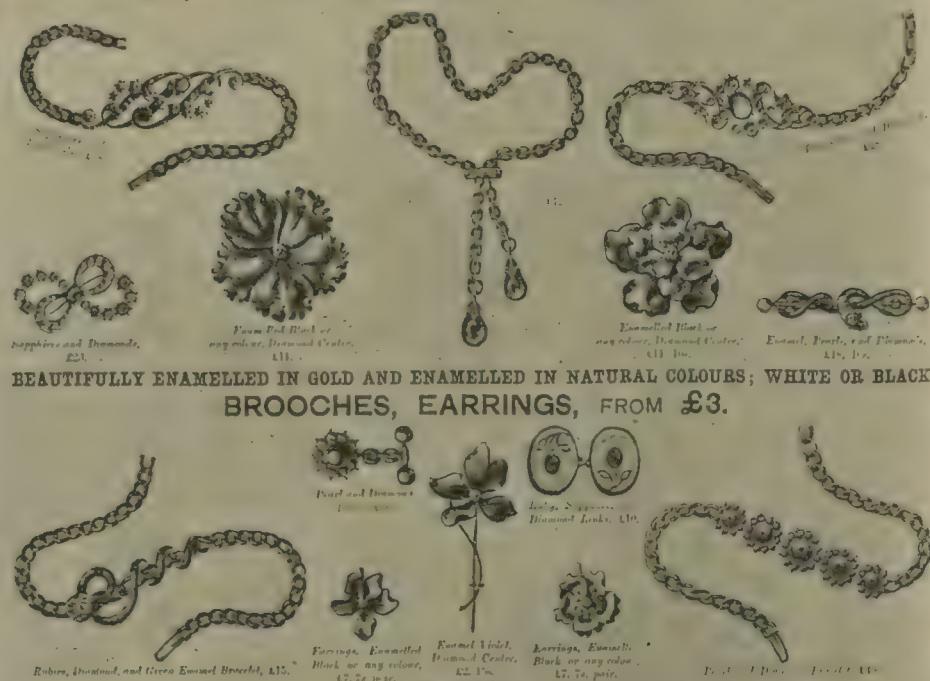
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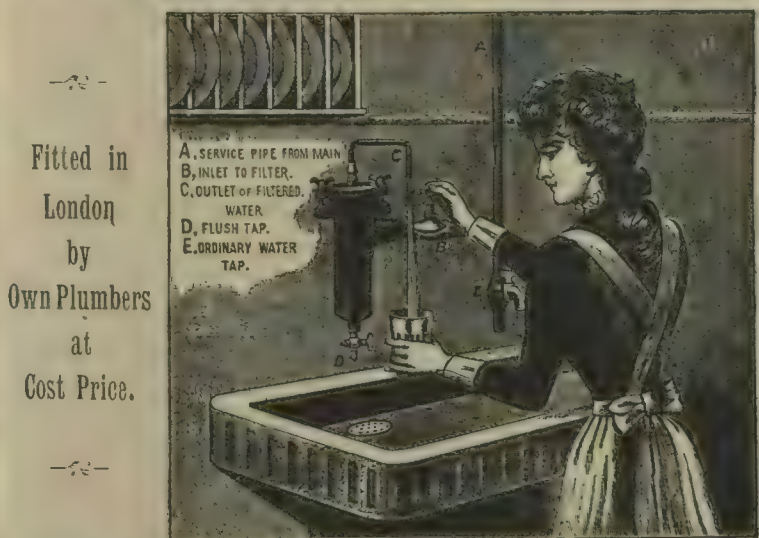
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SET "D."—Do., do., in Wood Box, Large Bats, 6/9.
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SET "F."—Two finest Gut Strung Racquets, Correct Tennis Nets, with canvas-bound tops, 4 cloth-covered Balls, in handsome Polished Box, 14/9.
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Treatment.—This is simplicity itself. So long as we have recourse to the time-honoured Peppermint and Ginger alone we shall continue Flatulent. We must go deeper and remedy the cause before we can hope for permanent benefit. Freely open the Bowels by means of Guy's Fruit Pills.* These harmless analeptic Laxatives will pleasantly and effectively expel all offending matters from the System. Then take a dose of Guy's Tonic thrice daily after Food to tone up and strengthen the entire Digestive Apparatus. We have yet to meet with a case of Flatulence that will not yield to the simple treatment here laid down.

* A sample box of Guy's Fruit Pills will be sent free on application to Guy's Tonic Co., 12, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W. Write to-day—a postcard will do.

"Quite Cured Her."

Mr. A. J. Crabb writes from 41, Upper Tulse Hill, London, S.W.—

"A lady friend of mine, who has been for a long time ineffectually treated by a Physician for Indigestion and Flatulence, wishes you to know that Guy's Tonic has quite cured her. I must say that in all cases where I have recommended Guy's Tonic the effects have been simply marvellous."

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Mr. T. Dunn, of 35, Mayes Road, Wood Green, London, N., writes—

"I wish to add my testimony to the priceless value of Guy's Tonic. I say priceless because it was so in my case, for after being a great sufferer for many years from Indigestion, Flatulence, and Headache, Guy's Tonic has done what Doctors and all other medicines failed to do; it has cured me, renewed my Health, and made life worth living."

A Six-ounce bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 13½d., is on sale at all Chemists and Stores. Guy's Fruit Pills are put up in boxes, price 13½d., also at Chemists. Both remedies are premier of their kind, and their joint action is productive of wonderfully curative results.

settled £3000 each on his daughters Ada Caroline and Henrietta Mabel; and he gives £100 each to his six sons—Edward Arthur, George Hubert Clayton, Ernest Lewis, Percy MacGregor, Douglas Maitland, and Henry James. His residuary estate he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated July 1, 1900) of the Right Hon. Mary Florence, Baroness Westbury, of 134, Cromwell Road, South Kensington, who died on Aug. 14, was proved on Sept. 28 by Lord Westbury, the son, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £24,849. The testatrix gives all the family portraits and miniatures to her eldest son; her plate and diamond stars to her son the Hon. Albert Victor Bethell; £3000, on trust, for her son the Hon. Arthur John Bethell; £100 each to her grandson the Hon. Richard Bethell, and her nephew John Fownes Luttrell; a gold watch and chatelaine to her daughter-in-law Agatha Manners, Lady Westbury; and legacies to servants. The residue of her property she leaves to her sons, Lord Westbury, the Hon. Albert Victor Bethell, and the Hon. Alexander Edward Bethell.

The will (dated Aug. 4, 1900) of Mr. Frederick Goulburn Walpole, of 33, Hans Road, Chelsea, who died on Sept. 3, was proved on Sept. 28 by William Edwin

Williams, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £20,413. The testator gives £6000 each to his daughters, Mrs. Adeline Mary Williams and Mary Pauline Walpole; £6000, on trust, for his son Horace Henry Maximilian Walpole; £1000 to his daughter Maude Josephine Charlotte Walpole; and sixteen debenture bonds of £50 in Harrod's Stores to his sister Josephine, Baroness Henri de Tuyl. The residue of his property he leaves between his four children.

Small-pox is still the most active recruiting-officer for the vaccinator in London, and has even been pressed into service by the advocates of cremation. Meanwhile the number of cases within the cognisance of the Metropolitan Asylums Board is under two hundred, and the daily returns show that the disease is steadily diminishing. There were thirty-five deaths during August and September, of which seventeen are said to be among the vaccinated, and thirteen among the unvaccinated—and this, it must be noted, becomes a large proportion considering the comparative smallness of the constituency—while, as to five, there is "no statement."

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

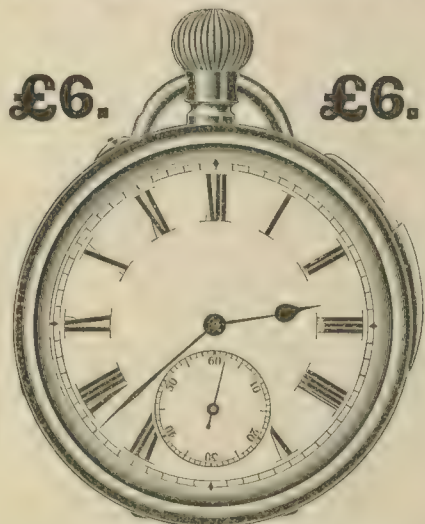
The Vicar of Brighton and Mrs. Hannah entertained during the Church Congress the Bishop of Salisbury and Mrs. Wordsworth, the Bishops of Stepney and Edinburgh, and Bishop Barry. Dr. Wilberforce, President of the Congress, stayed at St. James's Vicarage, which was placed at his disposal by Prebendary Mallaby.

The Bishop of Stepney is the Canon in residence at St. Paul's during October, and autumn visitors to London will have the pleasure of hearing this noted preacher at the Cathedral on Sunday afternoons.

Dr. Moule has written to say that he has no objection to being presented with the Sockburn falchion in the old-fashioned way upon his official entry into the diocese of Durham, if all the parties concerned agree.

The most stirring missionary meeting of the year was that held in Exeter Hall under the auspices of the C.M.S. There is always widespread interest in the autumn valedictory gathering of this society, and the crowds were so great that even clergymen who had travelled long distances to be present were reluctantly turned back by the officials, and only got in at last by the influence of London

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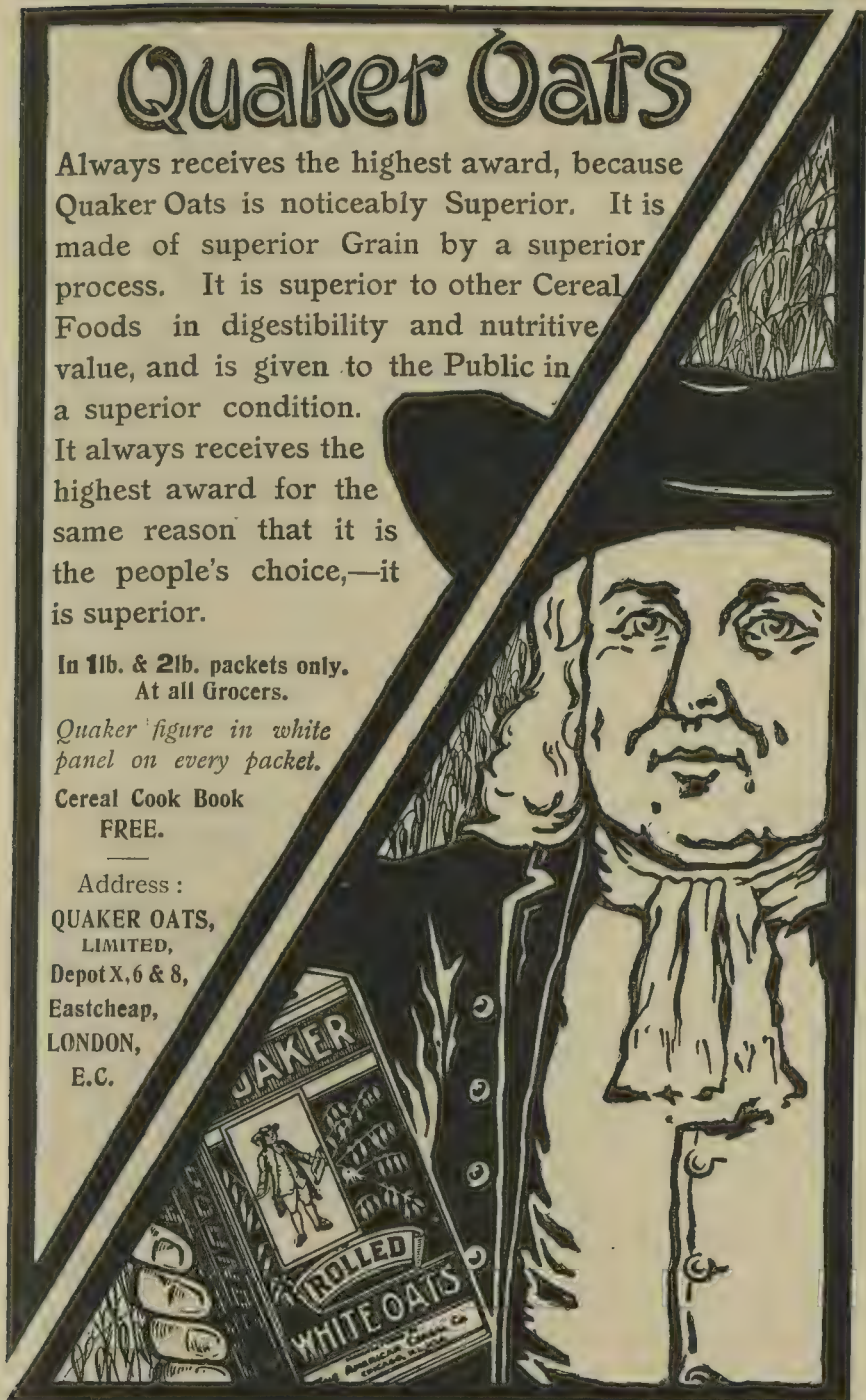
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A LETTER

FROM

SHERLOCK HOLMES

*Dear Friend,—Mystery follows mystery, but the most mysterious thing of all is what has become of the part of my system which has almost taken the form of my second nature? I was especially cautious to provide myself with the indispensable before leaving home, but it has disappeared, and I have lost all trace. I have unravelled many of other people's losses, but here is one of my own which has thrown me on my beam ends. I would not have troubled you, but in this benighted spot, although you will scarcely credit it, I cannot procure what I much need, so send by first post, as my movements are uncertain, one large box of **BEECHAM'S PILLS**. Note my assumed name and enclosed address, which I beg of you to destroy, as I do not wish my whereabouts to be known.*

Yours,

S. H.

Player's

Navy

Mixture

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because you have a Cough
or tickling in your throat,

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friends. There were no important speeches, but the various missionaries, who rose when their names were called, had an opportunity of saying a few words as to their chosen sphere of labour. Many new agents are going out to China, and it is encouraging to find that the terrible trials of last year have given a fresh impetus to Christian work in that empire.

Dr. Scott, the Bishop of North China, who has been staying with his brother, Canon Scott, Rector of Wanstead, will return to his diocese about the middle of this month. By his admirable speeches at missionary meetings during his furlough, Bishop Scott has done much to awaken an intelligent interest in the work in North China.

Preparations are well advanced for the great missionary exhibition which is to be held in the Cutlers' Hall, Sheffield, in the latter half of October. The exhibition

will be opened by the Archbishop of York, and among others who have promised to perform the opening ceremony on later days are Mrs. Bishop, the Archdeacon of Sheffield, the Lord Mayor of Sheffield, and Mr. Eugene Stock. Mrs. Bishop is expected to lecture on China, Japan, Korea, and possibly Morocco.

The Bishop of Peterborough's suggestion that parishes should charge themselves with the cost of sending forward promising young men for ordination has been heartily approved by the Church papers, and will probably be adopted by more than one of our wealthier congregations. As the *Church Times* points out, "In these days men are inclined to be scrupulous about engaging on work for which they are not specially fitted, and more men than formerly give evidence of a distinct call. Men of this latter type ought to be carefully sought for, and, if needs be, encouraged and helped."

Bishop Paget's recent address to the Oxford Conference in the Sheldonian Theatre proves that he intends to govern his diocese by thoroughly modern methods. He proposes to stay from time to time in the larger towns under his oversight, so as to obtain a personal knowledge of his clergy and of the good work they are carrying on.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer has addressed a letter to the members of the congregation at Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, announcing that he proposes to resign in September of next year. Mr. Meyer will then have completed ten years at Christ Church and thirty-five years of pastoral work. He desires to travel about for a time through Great Britain, the Colonies, and the United States. He recently returned from a visit to Syria, where he addressed an important Conference, and there is talk of his going to Russia in the spring.

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The late Gen. W. T. Sherman,
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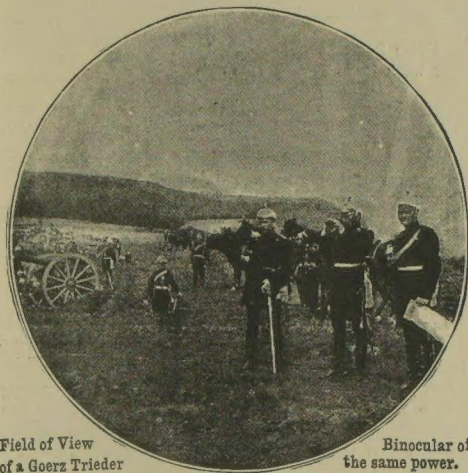
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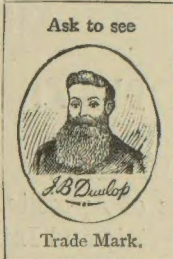
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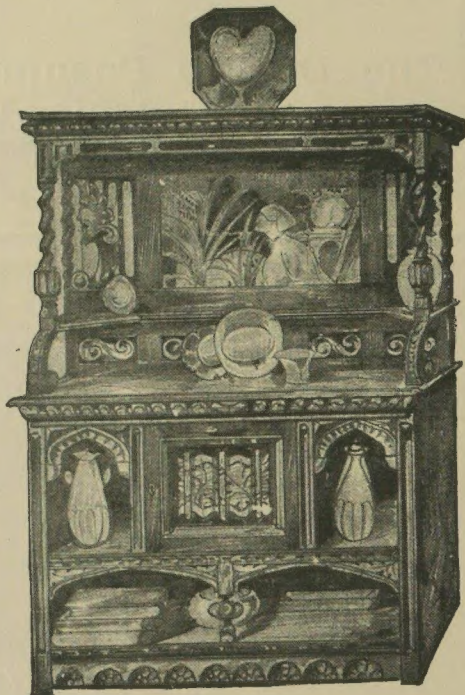
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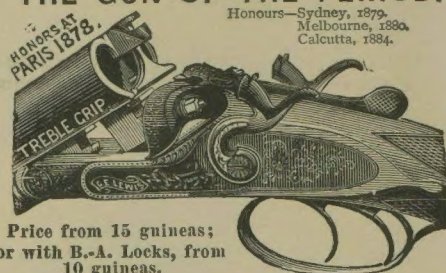
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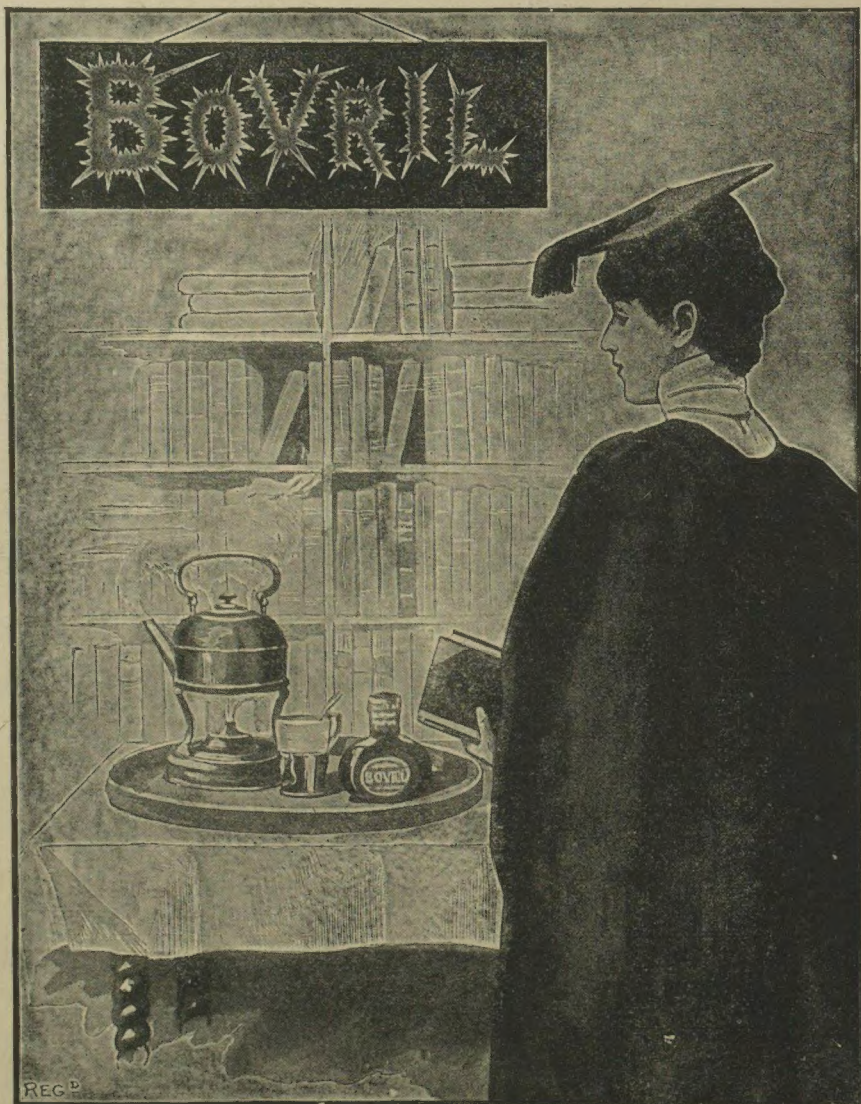
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